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APRIL 5, 1966

NATIONAL REVIEW

A Journal of Fact and Opinion

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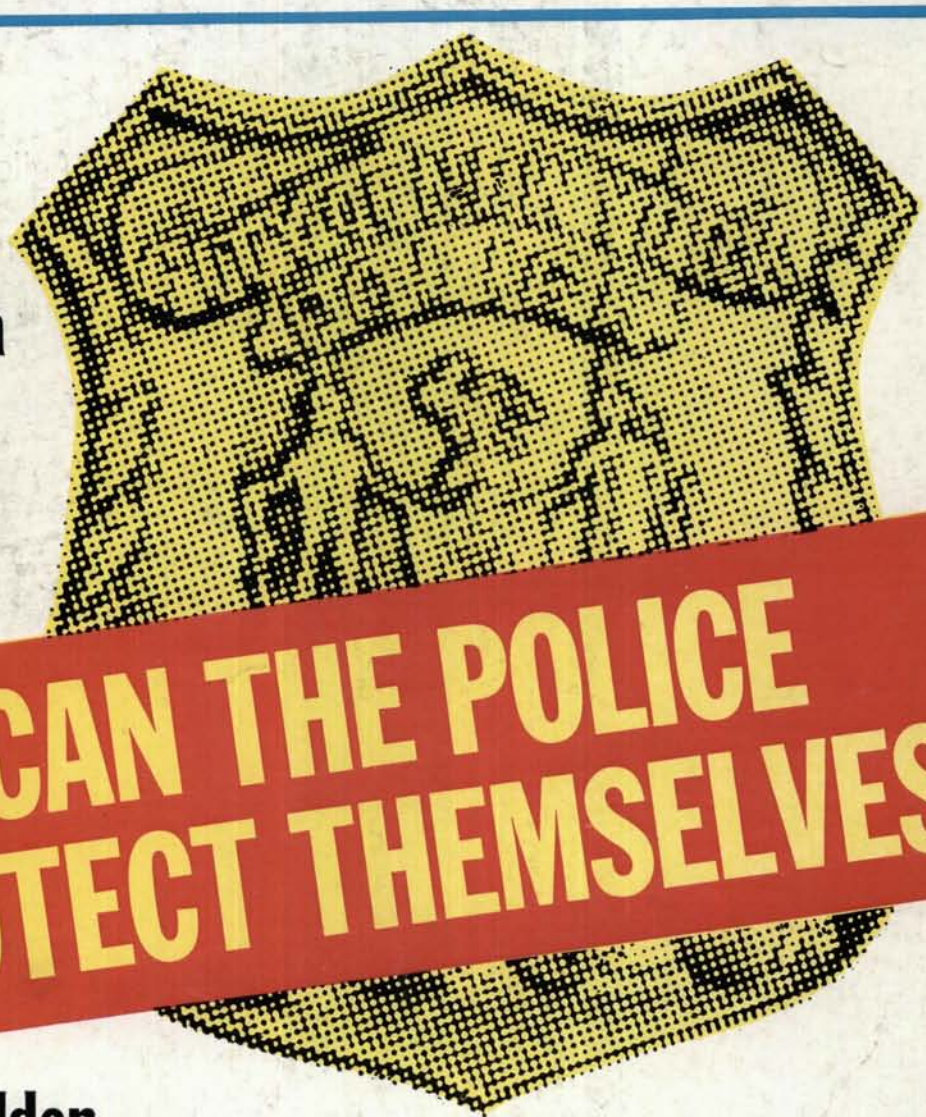

CAN THE POLICE PROTECT THEMSELVES?

P. McFadden

Also In This Issue:

MEYER ASKS WHY THE GOP IS SHIRKING ITS RESPONSIBILITIES ON VIETNAM ♦ G. F. ELIOT REVIEWS 'THE FALL OF PARIS' ♦ ALSO BURNHAM, KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN, STURGEON, HAZELTON

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In This Issue . . .

➔ We face the situation in crisis-torn New York, which has apparently decided things would be ever so much better if there were no police force—or none that did not owe its life to City Hall, for which feudal concept of law enforcement you have to go back into the city's past at least as far as November 2, 1965. *NR*'s Assistant Publisher, **James P. McFadden,** a police buff and a man of action, spent St. Patrick's Day assembling his article. . . . **Alan Ford,** our pseudonymous correspondent from East Africa, has lived for twenty years in Ethiopia and Eritrea. His information on the Sudan massacres, which were widely untrumpeted in the world's press, was gathered from refugees, missionaries, and other eye-witnesses.

➔ **Nika Standen Hazelton** went out to buy a new kitchen and came back with many shaming observations on the New Affluence and people who think a kitchen is a place in which to create an Image. You didn't know Mrs. Hazelton was a sociologist? Also, she can cook. . . . "Australasia" is a geographical entity to everyone but the New Zealanders. Roving columnist **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn** tells why. . . .**Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** keeps close watch on developments within the Catholic Church, and finds a contradiction between the religious liberty pronouncements of Vatican II and the position of the U.S. Church on abortion. Incidentally, a syndicated series of weekly TV debates, "Firing Line, with William Buckley," begins April 9 over some of your local stations. . . . **Frank S. Meyer** comments on the invisibility of the Republican opposition in the Vietnam debate, a condition brought about by the outcome of 1964, when a traumatized right wing and a disgraced left wing decided to let the center lead for a change. . . . The embattled neo-isolationism of the Eastern Establishment, says **James Burnham,** can be traced to an Atlantic-Europe orientation in conflict with the Pacific-Asia orientation of non-Easterners such as Lyndon Johnson and Barry Goldwater. Is the East losing its Establishment?

➔ Three occasional *NR* contributors, Alistair Horne, Eugene Lyons, and Dr. Thomas Szasz, have new books out, and are lavishly commended by their reviewers, who make many telling points of their own: **George Fielding Eliot, M. Stanton Evans,** and **Robert J. Gerstung.** Mr. Eliot is the noted journalist, historian and military specialist. Mr. Evans, editor of the *Indianapolis News,* doubles as Chief Halberdier of the Indiana Iron Guard. Mr. Gerstung is a Baltimore attorney and former GOP candidate for Congress. . . . **Theodore Sturgeon,** reviewing four new works of science fiction, a field in which he is himself eminent, will shortly publish a novelette with the arresting title, *If All Men Were Brothers, Would You Let One Marry Your Sister?* ("It seems to fill my head with ideas," said Alice, "only I don't exactly know what they are.") . . . **Farley Clinton,** a young reporter and literary critic who has written for *NR* on Wyndham Lewis and Maugham, compares playwright John Osborne to Stendhal. Conclusion: "less disturbing . . . and rather less impressive. Lack of intelligence, outside England, is apt to be a disadvantage." ➔

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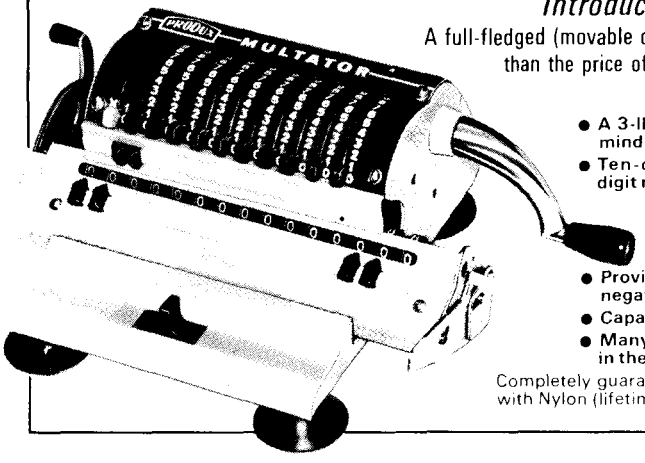
You should either spend $800 on an electric calculator or buy this $79 German machine.



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TO THE EDITOR

Sweet Music

Out of the mouths of Liberal Democrats (but only "merely" Liberal) sometimes do come good words about political foes. I extend a liberal helping of congratulations for an excellent magazine. Often we accuse you conservatives of being far behind the times, but NATIONAL REVIEW has kept an admirable pace in this Gemini age. I regret to admit that Liberal publications and activities haven't kept pace, lacking that important ingredient you fellows seem to add to taste: spirit.

Bronx, N.Y. LEON GREENFIELD

Nixon and the 'Buckleyites'

Because there seems to be some misunderstanding as to the facts in the NATIONAL REVIEW editorial of March 8 (p. 196), Mr. Nixon asked me to investigate the background of the matter, to check press reports, and to reply.

Last fall, while campaigning for Republican candidates in California, Virginia and elsewhere, Mr. Nixon was on several occasions asked in press conferences for comment on Mr. Buckley's candidacy, and the John Birch Society.

Mr. Nixon invariably replied that Mr. Buckley, by his repudiation of the Birch Society in his magazine and syndicated column, had thereby made himself a much stronger candidate and a greater threat to the Republican candidate, Representative Lindsay.

Upon reading contradictory press reports of that statement, Mr. Rusher telephoned Charles McWhorter, a former legislative aide of Mr. Nixon. In a return call, Mr. McWhorter related to Mr. Rusher the substance of Mr. Nixon's statement.

Certainly, as a rule, a conservative who repudiates the Birch Society becomes a much stronger candidate than one who refuses to do so.

However, Mr. Nixon is firmly convinced that the best interests of conservatives are served by their joining and working within the framework of the Republican Party.

As he has often emphasized, it would be a tragedy for this nation if conservatives should abandon the GOP to form splinter parties. The result of such divisions would mean permanent minority status for both conservative ideas and the Republican Party.

PATRICK J. BUCHANAN
New York, N.Y. Aide to Mr. Nixon

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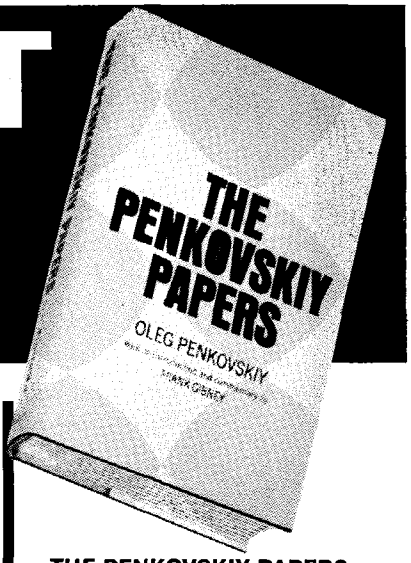

FROM THE PEN of Colonel Oleg Penkovskiy of the GRU (Soviet Military Intelligence) poured the tens of thousands of words that have made up his secret reports to American and British intelligence...the explosive revelations that make up this book. Small wonder it rocked the Kremlin, and caused the immediate recall of 300 Red agents!

Penkovskiy gave us priceless data on Soviet nuclear installations and weaponry; frantic Red preparations for the first strike that aims to *bury us*; insight into Communist strategy for undermining the West; a mass of details on the staggering extent of Communist spying; and literally thousands of other important revelations—if only we put them to work for us—on the intrigues and corruption behind the Kremlin wall.

What Made Penkovskiy Turn Away from Communism?

Penkovskiy was a 13-times-decorated Russian war hero, a rising young officer. But unlike his fellow officers, he was capable of moral indignation. When they sent this trusted spy abroad, life in the free world intoxicated him. Not just the prosperity: the little things counted for more. He discovered that suspicion need not be a way of life, that free men strike up warm friendships easily.

He contrasted all this with the vicious intrigues and wild living of the Communist elite. ("Socialist morality" was only for the masses.) Above all, he knew that Khrushchev was working frantically to overtake these friendly Westerners—and then, without warning, to wipe them out.

So Penkovskiy resolved to break. Not simply to defect to the West, but to go home and fight the evil system that choked his people and menaced the world, even if he paid with his life. Which he did.

THE PENKOVSKIY PAPERS includes the secret lecture for Communist spies in the U.S. by Ivan Prikhodko, who spent years learning the ropes at the UN. He gives a portrait of our country through Red-colored glasses, at once bone-chilling and downright funny for its absurdity.

Penkovskiy, as if anticipating LBJ's mad scheme for multiplying the number of Soviet consulates inside our borders, reveals that *over 80%* of all Soviet diplomatic personnel are spies. Even cleaning women are sent from Russia to work in—and spy for—their embassies. Penkovskiy reaffirms the extent of Soviet spying, pleads with us *not to underestimate it*, begs us to reduce Soviet representation in the West.

Most of all, this book of revelation is Oleg Penkovskiy's cry from the heart: *Resist!* And the corollary: *take the initiative*, keep the Communists off balance. To wake us up, Penkovskiy pictures, with deadly detail, the real thrust of Communist policy. At the same time, he gives us case after case of Russian weakness that *we can exploit*, play on, use to beat them with—if we ever get leaders with the heart, the mind, the plain guts for the effort.

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- The mortally dangerous first-strike mentality advocated by the coming generation of Russian officers.
- The Soviet's crash program to "launch missiles like a rainstorm"...while they send "peace-loving" disarmament emissaries to Geneva.
- Red scientific research to **maximize** radioactive fallout in their bombs, while they keep us busy developing "clean" bombs.
- The nature and location of Russian nuclear installations, missile sites and weaponry, many of them **sitting ducks.**
- Details and specific data on the staggering extent of Soviet spying on the U.S.—from vantage points all over our planet!
- The number of 20-megaton bombs the Kremlin thinks it would take to destroy us. New, sobering data on their 50-megaton bomb.

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sion, it should not be surprising to find up-to-date politicians adopting the same method and presenting themselves to the electorate not in terms of enthusiasms for what is noble, but of repudiation of what is unpopular. Mr. Buckley in his recent campaign urged New Yorkers to "love him for the Birchites he had scorned" and now comes Nixon to move a notch farther toward the sun by kicking the Buckleyites who kicked the Birchites. That should elect anybody, shouldn't it?

Memphis, Tenn. M. WINSLOW CHAPMAN

Brooke Unchallenged

In your March 8 issue you stated that Massachusetts Attorney General Edward W. Brooke faces "significant challenges in the GOP primary" in his bid for his party's nomination for the U.S. Senate. This is not, in fact, the case. Gov. John A. Volpe is the only Republican strong enough to oppose Brooke even within the party (Brooke enjoys a tremendous edge over fellow Republicans among Democrats and independents, of course) and Volpe has made clear his intention of seeking re-election to his present office. In any case, Republican primary battles are almost unheard of in the Bay State, where the contrast between the carefully arranged (outward) unity of the GOP and the highly publicized intramural warfare of the Democrats has been *a*, if not *the*, major factor in Republican success in what is at heart an overwhelmingly Democratic state.

Cambridge, Mass. ANDRE MAYER

Red China and Japan

Anthony Harrigan, in the March 8 issue, takes space to emphasize the allegiance of our Japanese partners in the defense of Asia. This perceptive analysis of the entire Red Chinese menace is a commendable account of our position in that crucial global region.

It is significant, however, that no mention was made of one of the major economic motives for winning the Vietnamese conflict and encircling the Chinese masses. It is well known that the Communists are extremely active in the Japanese business community. Their agitation has been for the conclusion of an economic treaty between Tokyo and Peking. This is an understandable safeguard for the Japanese to consider. Should the United States withdraw from Southeast Asia, Japanese industry will forfeit myriad markets to the shroud of the Bamboo Curtain. Such an event could precipitate economic catastrophe in Japan; *igitur*, the treaty. Consider, then, the nuclear and industrial prowess of Japan meshed with the ever-increasing hordes of China. The thought is devastating and would necessitate the alliance of the United States with the

(Continued on p. 331)

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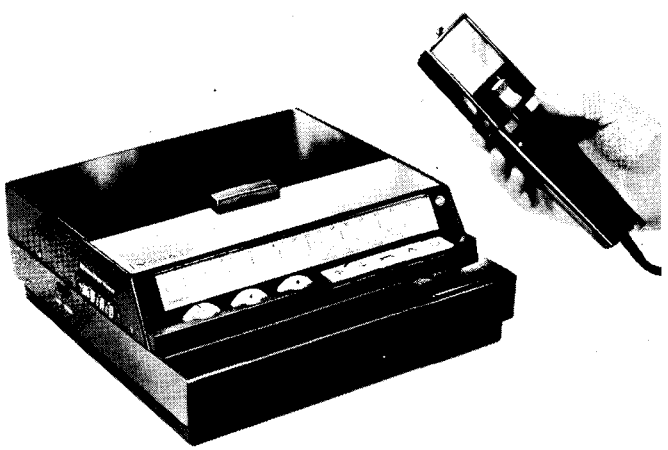

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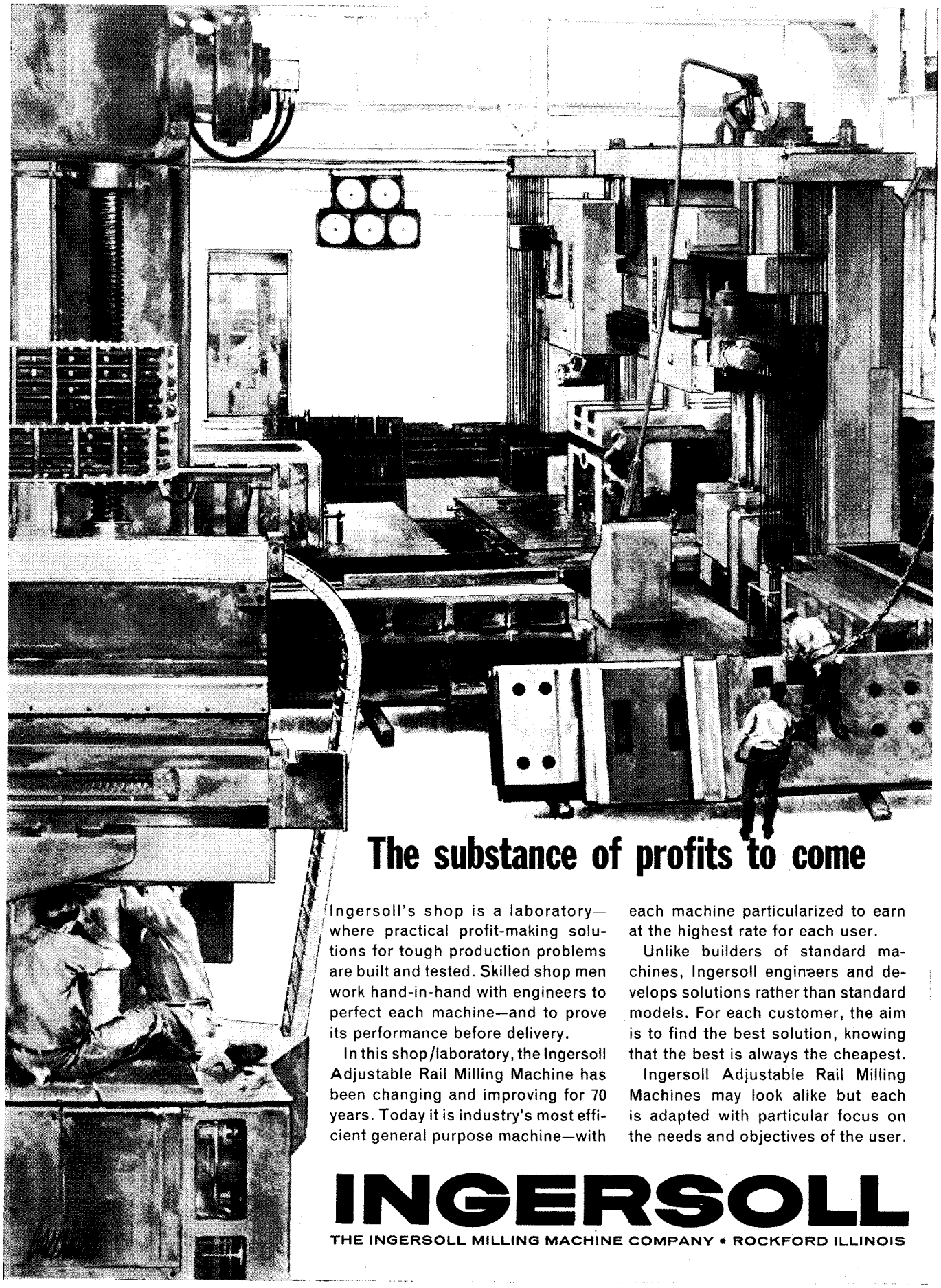

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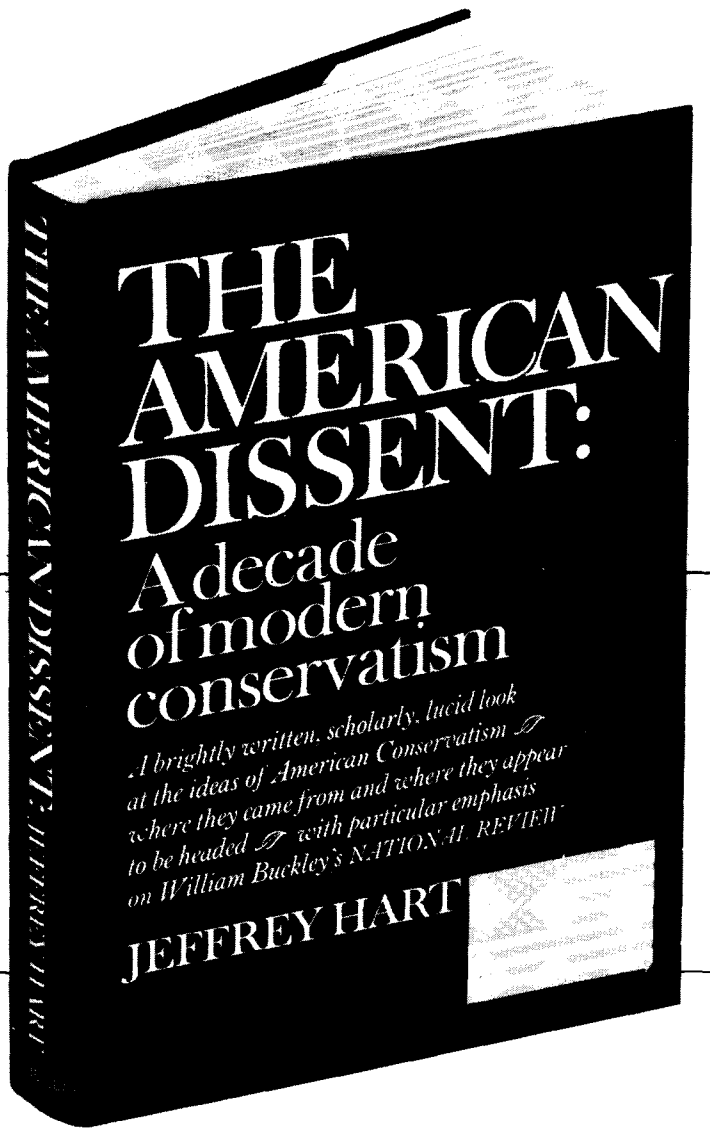
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About the author-

Jeffrey Hart, Associate Professor of English at Dartmouth, was born in Brooklyn and educated at Columbia. During the Korean War, he joined Naval Intelligence; after leaving the service he returned to Columbia for his doctorate. A recipient of a Dartmouth Faculty Fellowship, Mr. Hart is currently engaged in a critical study of Edmund Burke.

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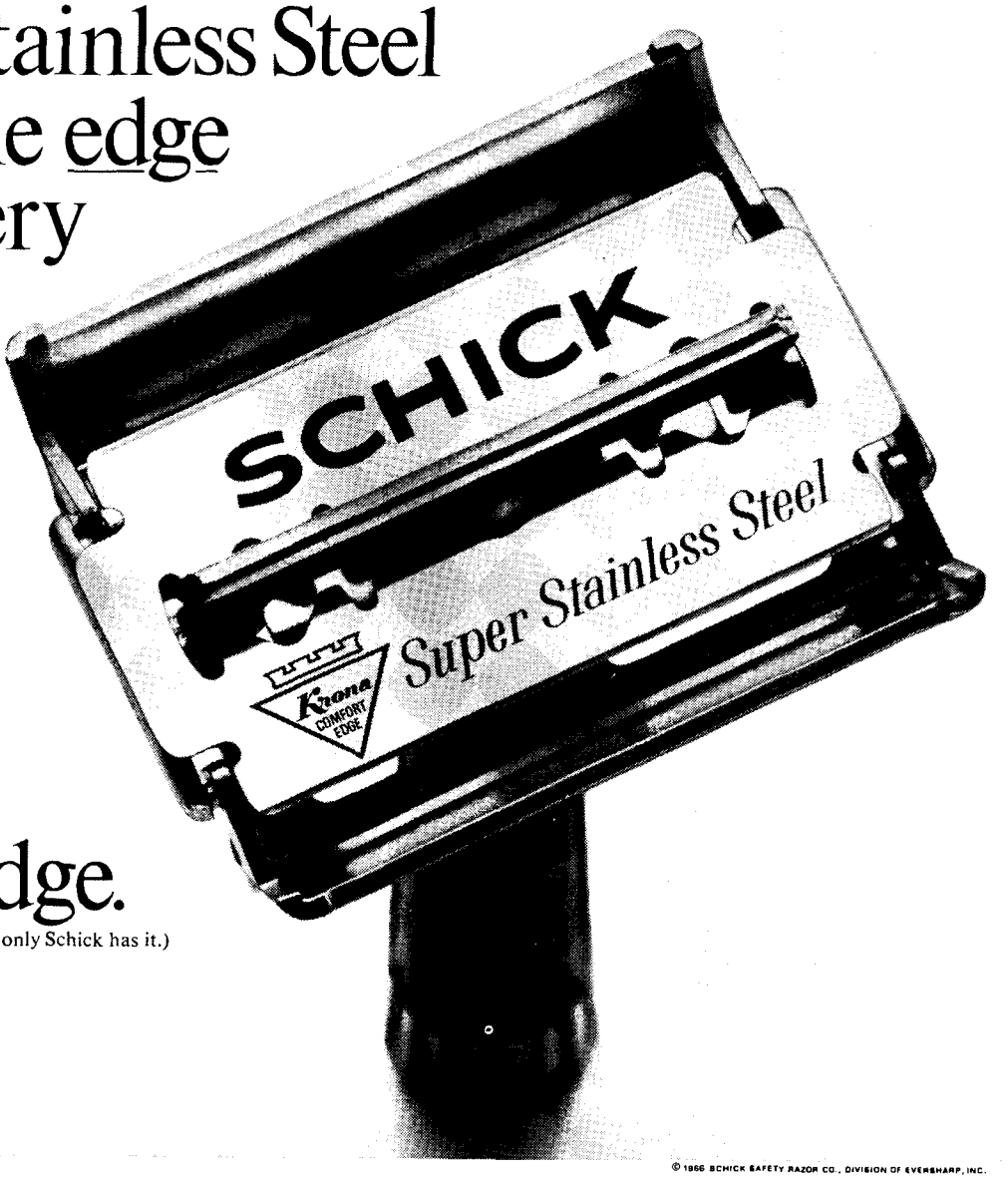

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The WEEK

● The editors of NATIONAL REVIEW wish Prime Minister Wilson a speedy recovery from the injuries he received when a young boy hit him in the eye with a stink bomb contained in a glass phial, and offer a reward to the first Hawkshaw who can explain how it was determined that the odor came from the phial.

● Birchers beware: In the spring of an election year few things are more predictable than that ye shall be attacked. This year's spring offensive was launched by the Anti-Defamation League's massive broadside (theme: anti-semitism). Sen. Gale McGee (D., Wyo.) stirred the grass roots with the prediction that the election campaign would bring "the largest and best-financed right-wing extremist assault on the sensibilities of the voters in American history." McGee pinpointed a Birch front, uncovered in Denver, and simultaneously denounced by every other organization in the phone book. In New York, where Mayor Lindsay introduced the Birch issue into his war with the police force, city officials were lining up to see who could spit farthest. The winner: City Council President Frank O'Connor, who compared the JBS to the "Hitlerian Nazi Party." In a significant reversal Lindsay's new police commissioner, Howard R. Leary, called the Society "abhorrent" (a month ago it was "harmless") and said he would remove members from the force "if I had the authority" (a month ago it was only if their beliefs impaired their "efficiency"). Irony: standing up for the JBS in this round was the New York Civil Liberties Union, on the grounds that "the views a citizen entertains . . . are no concern of the government."

● Sargent Shriver's antipoverty program for Watts has not been able to stop Negro teen-agers from yelling "Get Whitey" and setting off riots. Will the $61.5 million that Governor Brown wants from his legislature be any more effective? Will the $100 million that Bayard Rustin wants? Will the combined powers of the Office of Economic Opportunity, the Labor Department, and the Healthy, Wealthy and Wise Department be able to provide enough jobs for enough people in Watts and in Harlem to keep this summer safe and sane? Will enough people be found to take the opportunities that are offered them, or will the poor continue to boycott their own antipoverty boards, as they have done in Los Angeles? Will the money be drained off by politicos, or go to such *outré* projects as Harlem's Black Arts Repertory Theater which, to Shriver's chagrin, used its $40,000 in federal funds to put "vile racist plays" on its stage and an arsenal in its cellar? Will Negroes riot in Washington if they don't get home rule, or in New York, or anywhere else for any of the 1,001 reasons CORE can dream up—or perhaps for the one understandable reason that they are sick of the plantation and a government paternalism that has yet to deliver forty acres and a mule.

● Is legaldygook the opiate of the prisonpent? Has freedom spoiled Daniel Escobedo? Not so you'd notice. In his second tangle with the police since his release, the principal in the landmark Supreme Court case of 1964 (establishing that persons charged with crimes must be given legal counsel before undergoing questioning) was heard to advise his partners in suspected crime (illegal use of a weapon): "Take the Fourth, Sixth and Eleventh, but not the Fifth. They'll get you on that."

● On page 323 of this issue Mr. Robert J. Gerstung reviews a new book by Dr. Thomas Szasz, *Psychiatric Justice,* a preliminary chapter of which appeared in the March 12, 1963 issue of this magazine. As if to confirm the horror of what Dr. Szasz writes about, the papers last week reported the case of a man who had spent 33 years in confinement for having stolen $5 from a roadside storekeeper. "Through a tragic error," Stephen Dennison was classified as a low-grade moron in 1927 and transferred from his jail cell to a mental institution. Six months before his term was to have expired he was transferred again, on a "certificate of lunacy," to a state hospital—without notice and without judicial review of his case—and that is where he remained until 1960 when released by a relative on a writ of habeas corpus. The system by which a man can be detained as mentally unfit after having served his sentence was recently declared unconstitutional. The system of pretrial psychiatric examination which can land a defendant in the kookie bin in the first place, is perfectly legal. Note: the N.Y. State Court of Claims awarded Mr. Dennison $115,000. He is 57 years old and a janitor.

● KNOWLEDGE IS A WONDROUS THING AND BLOSSOMETH MOST LUSHLY IN THE YEAR OF ELECTION; OR, WHAT A BUNCH OF DEMOCRATIC FRESHMEN CONGRESSMEN LEARNED IN A SINGLE SESSION OF CONGRESS DEPT. Which is that their elders are not always right. Most of the freshmen voted a year ago for the repeal of section 14(b) of Taft-Hartley (the right to work clause) having been assured that the repeal would also breeze through the Senate and that by '66 their constituents would have forgotten all about it, it being generally unpopular. But Senator Dirksen r'ared

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back and blocked repeal 1) last fall and then again 2) this spring, making it a '66 issue. Now these same congressmen are being asked to put their John Hancocks on another priority Labor measure to ease restrictions on picketing at construction sites, and they have said no. Let the Senate act on it first, they say. And such is their composite power that the House Committee on Labor and Education has agreed to keep the bill off the floor until the Senate has tackled it. It might mean the end of that measure, too.

● The Asian Development Bank exists. Created under a statute just signed by Louis XIV, it will start with a mere $200 million. It was rushed through Congress under the crack of whips and the vow of silence. House members never saw the bill before voting time. Debate was limited. The sponsors, when asked why yet one more foreign aid machine must be cranked up, got no answer that was intelligible. *Moi, l'état* wanted it. The giggles could be heard from Upper Volta to lower Voltaire.

● Glad you asked that question. We told the cigarette people to label their product as possibly dangerous to health because we have a duty to the people to protect them, as you know, from bad things. . . . Oh *that!* Well, we have a program to help the tobacco industry by warehousing facilities and various financial aids—acreage allotments, the Billie Sol system—because tobacco is a good thing, and people like it, and you understand. . . . Glad you asked that! We think it's wise to put an enormous tax on tobacco products because, after all, they're not necessary, and of course there's a chance they're harmful to health. We think that's fair. . . . Yes, good question! We asked the cigarette people not to raise their prices the other day, because it wouldn't do to put tobacco out of the reach of the average smoker. Smoking is good for you. We want it to be accessible to even the most destitute. Pricing a good smoke out of existence would be unthinkable. . . . Good question. We restrict imports because we don't want cheap tobacco flooding the country. . . . Glad you asked that. I haven't, personally, since my heart attack eleven years ago. Doctor's advice. Of course this is a free country, and I leave it to the independent citizen in his own God-given wisdom to make up his own mind in his own way and in his own behalf and. . . .

● Ralph ("Sex is what life is all about") Ginzburg is said to have been surprised when he was convicted on a criminal charge of sending obscene material—his short-lived magazine *Eros*—through the mails; astonished when the Court of Appeals upheld the conviction; and "flabbergasted" when the Supreme Court refused to reverse it. Frankly, so are we. Very pleasantly.

● The New York City Board of Education voted 5-4 to oppose the purchase of textbooks printed by Kingsport Press, one of the country's biggest textbook manufacturers. Kingsport, in Tennessee, has been strikebound since March 1963 and "we are pro-union in this city," said Morris Iushewitz, casting the deciding vote. But Board member Iushewitz is also an officer of the Central Labor Council, whose president, the ultra-conscientious Harry Van Arsdale, appeared in person to boom the Board's boycott resolution—which Iushewitz had introduced. Kingsport's lawyers pointed out the ubiquitousness of Mr. Iushewitz and said the Board was "arbitrary, illegal, capricious . . . erroneous" and acting in restraint of trade. The judge granted the injunction, at least temporarily quashing the labor barons.

● The following, minus artwork and typographical felicities, is a paid political announcement sponsored by the Ad Hoc Committee of Veterans for Peace in Vietnam, and published March 20 in the *New York Times:* "BA-R-O-OM! ZING BA-KOW CRAK WHO-O-O-O-O-M! These are the COMIC BOOK sounds of WAR . . . WE KNOW THE REAL SOUNDS OF WAR! We are veterans who fought on many battlefields in four wars. . . . STOP THIS WAR NOW!" We give it to you that a movement which couches its appeals thus has just plumb gone t'heck. Right, Sandy? ARF!

Helping Hands

Anyone within earshot of the *New York Times* has noticed a sound not heard for years: the sound of maximum propaganda, in this case directed towards the admission of Communist China to the UN and the eventual "normalization" of diplomatic relations. Week after week the booming editorials, day after day the reports from on high, every third day a letter to the editor supporting the "line"—and very seldom anything contra. Last October a certain nobody named Figart got his letter printed in the *Times* describing the great social improvements achieved under Mao. An editor of this magazine wrote to the *Times* mentioning the weighty contrary evidence in a book by a Communist Chinese official who had recently defected. The *Times* refused to print that letter, or any letter, refuting Figart's delusions. Louise Huger, Letters Editor, replied with the form phrase, "We are only sorry that the pressure of space. . . ."

Now we have Senator Fulbright and his Foreign

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Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ Secretary McNamara's acute sensitivity to criticism is making people here queasy. If the Secretary would simply agree that his cost-effectiveness policies are not suited to a military establishment in crisis, public malaise would probably evaporate. But he hasn't done that: on the contrary, his response to well-documented charges that the military is spread dangerously thin has been righteous self-justification, even to the point of revealing military secrets to make his case. When Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter Clark Mollenhoff thrice attempted to get the Secretary to answer a question about preparedness, McNamara ducked, lost his temper, and threatened to oust Mollenhoff. Except to admit that he shouldn't have cut back helicopter production, the Secretary has rigidly defended his foresight. Simultaneously, he has plunged his activities into deeper secrecy: in the 1967 budget, for example, there are blank spaces where 1965 and 1967 Army procurement statistics should be, and 1966 figures don't jibe with anything. The estrangement between the Secretary and Congress has been widely reported, but those reports have not revealed how deeply emotions are running.

◆ The hearings conducted by the House Foreign Affairs subcommittee on Asia went largely unreported in the nation's communication media, due in part to ideological bias, and in part to the stuffy House tradition against television at committee hearings—thus allowing the cameras to concentrate on the noisy voices of dissent in the Senate. The House heard such hardliners as the University of Pennsylvania's William Kinter, Dr. Stefan Possony of the Hoover Institution, and General Thomas Lane (Ret.), now president of Americans for Constitutional Action. Even most of the Liberal witnesses acknowledged, though, that the conditions under which Red China is willing to join the UN are impossible to accept. And they agreed that Red China has two great desires: to get the United States out of Asia, and to control Taiwan.

◆ Liberal Democrats have been stampeding through the opening left by the President's Honolulu conference with Premier Ky of South Vietnam. One after another, hard-line Liberals have stuffed the *Record* with declarations of support for augmented economic aid for the South Vietnamese. By coming out foursquare for an economic "solution," they 1) appear to support the President; 2) avoid a party split; 3) hedge against their pacifist positions, and 4) placate their more militant constituents. GOP congressmen, on the other hand, suffer in silence. Knowing that the commander-in-chief can alter the conduct of the war in any way he chooses to leave them out on an election-year limb, they limit themselves to sweeping generalities.

◆ An issue of great political potential in this campaign year is about to bounce back in the Senate—Senator Murphy's proposal (S.2908) to place poverty warriors and VISTA personnel under the Hatch Act. Last year the proposal was approved unanimously by the Senate Labor and Public Welfare Committee and passed the Senate without dissenting vote, before being killed in conference on orders from the White House. Senator Murphy's aides are more optimistic about its chances this year, and on the campaign stump a vote against the Murphy bill could be exploited by the Republicans as a vote *for* putting the Democratic faithful on the public bounty—which is, of course, the present situation.

◆ Last December, President Johnson announced with great fanfare that he personally had ordered several agencies to reduce job ceilings by one per cent, or 25,000 jobs. The 1967 budget reveals that executive branch employment will rise from 2,639,200 in June of 1966 to 2,700,000 in June of 1967. In early February, the Administration announced that it had eased its freeze on high-level federal jobs, and had authorized the creation of 7,700 new positions on the GS-14 level ($14,680) and above. That's a lot of plums. **—CATO**

Relations Committee, day after day since March 8, broadcasting the "expert" testimony of men who, in 1945-6-7-8-9, ranked as "experts" on the "agrarian reform movement" led by Mao—men like Prof. John K. Fairbank, exhumed from academe last week, whose "expertness" surely includes a record of unparalleled error in describing and predicting the action on the mainland. Meanwhile the House Foreign Affairs subcommittee on Asia has held some very illuminating hearings on the Communist Chinese problem, the upshot of which is that it would be disastrous folly to hand Peking any kind of sop at this critical moment. Dr. Stefan Possony, Dr. Walter Judd, Dr. Edward Teller, Gen. Thomas Lane, and Prof. William Kintner testified. You hadn't heard?

Not many weeks ago the *Times* loaded its editorial and letters column simultaneously (Jan. 17) with pro-admitting-Peking pleadings. On February 7 Senators Thomas Dodd (D., Conn.) and Peter Dominick (R., Colo.) wrote to the *Times,* pointing out that the admission of Peking would violate the UN Charter, that the UN is nothing without a firm Charter, that therefore the *Times* policy would stove in the UN; that, in any case, admitting Red China won't make the UN "universal" until Red China stops calling for the expulsion of Free China; that admission of Red China would not enhance peace but would probably embolden Peking in further aggressions; that "refusal to admit Red China does not mean as has been implied that we have no contact with it. We have had continuing discussions through our embassy office in Warsaw, Poland, and

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through other countries, and certainly these contacts should be continued wherever they may be fruitful."

On February 25 the Letters Editor of the *Times*, Louise Huger, wrote the old form phrase to Senator Dodd and Senator Dominick. She was "only sorry that the pressure of space . . . is such that we are not able to publish a larger proportion of letters received."

This, make no doubt about it, is one of the biggest campaigns of censorship, brainwashing, and doublethink you'll ever see. If it works, Peking will sit in the UN, Free China will be expelled, the UN will enter a swift final decline into catatonic sectarianism, and a newly invigorated Peking will push harder over her borders.

Mr. Nixon's Reply

Several things need to be said about Mr. Nixon's response (see p. 294) to our recent editorial, "Answer Please, Mr. Nixon" (*NR*, March 8).

The first and most important point to make is that the Nixon statement squarely disavows the report of columnists Evans and Novak last October 14 that "In a recent conversation with newspaper reporters Nixon described the Buckleyites as a threat to the Republican Party even more menacing than the Birchers" —and also Scripps-Howard byliner Bruce Biossat, who a few days later insisted that Nixon had been "emphatic . . . in chats with newsmen" in asserting that the Buckleyites were "the worst threat to the Party's difficult rebuilding efforts."

Not so at all, says Mr. Nixon's aide, Patrick Buchanan. What Nixon said—and said "invariably" —was that William Buckley, by his criticisms of the John Birch Society, had "made himself a much stronger candidate [for Mayor] and a greater threat to the Republican candidate, Representative Lindsay." Quite a difference.

One does wonder, though, assuming that this simple explanation of Mr. Nixon's controversial remark is correct (and we believe it is), why he should have refused to answer our publisher's brief and courteous letter of inquiry dated October 14. And if the reason was that he preferred not to comment during the closing days of the hardfought mayoralty campaign, why did he also leave unanswered Mr. Rusher's second appeal for a clarification, dated November 2, when the election campaign was over. Why, in short, did it take three letters, a nationwide television program, a further Evans and Novak column, and an editorial in NATIONAL REVIEW to wrest a written statement from "Patrick J. Buchanan, Aide to Mr. Nixon"? It is just this sort of calculating caution that has too often characterized Richard Nixon's public style, leaving even those who agreed with his stated views a little uneasy about the man himself.

But we repeat: we gladly accept the proffered explanation at its face value, though we take the opportunity to point out that NATIONAL REVIEW has been sharply critical of Mr. Welch since 1961. Mr. Nixon's explanation is entirely consistent with his well-known respect for the conservative Republican position—even when, from time to time, he has disagreed with it. It would appear that he emphatically does *not* intend to play a part in the forthcoming Liberal attack on conservatives in the GOP. One proviso, and one only, Mr. Nixon stresses: conservatives should stay *in* the GOP. And, by and large, we agree with him heartily. Nothing is more harmful to the conservative cause than the gaggle of "Conservative Parties" now springing up in so many states. New York—which has long had a powerful Liberal Party, as well as the usual Big Two—is, as we have often said before, an exception to the rule.

So all's well that ends well. And if Richard Nixon is willing to give personal leadership to the Republican conservatives, he will find them ready to follow him.

Pensees

Je suis appalled at Charles de Gaulle;
I do not dig *la gloire* at all.
I think the *force de frappe*'s a fraud—
La Russie's hardly over-awed.
I worry when he mentions "*moi*":
The overtones suggest "*le roi.*"
However, though de Gaulle's *de trop*
(They say he'll move to Fontainebleau!)
I'd like to borrow his *esprit*
to stiffen *les Etats-Unis.*

W. H. von Dreele

Westward Ho?

The New York Stock Exchange may not be bluffing when it talks of leaving town. After Mayor Lindsay's proposals to raise the tax on stock transfers *and* to slap an income tax on commuters (and nine-tenths of the top men in Wall Street commute) there was good reason to talk of moving. The NYSE Board of Directors voted unanimously to cancel plans to build a new home downtown, and a meeting of 600 member brokers voted unanimously to endorse that decision. Officials are looking for a new home in New Jersey or Connecticut, but this might be a golden opportunity for this ancient institution (remember the Buttonwood Tree Agreement, 1792?) to respond to changing times.

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We're Number #1 and we Still try harder!

National Review is the No. #1 magazine of its kind in America.

No doubt about that (especially since it's the only magazine of its kind in America).

But does that mean we sit back on our old ideas?

Don't you believe it. Just the other day the boss said to us (thank Heaven he caught us all standing up): "Don't let me catch any of you sitting around here on your old ideas just because we're No. #1. Try harder!"

How do you try harder in a business like this?

It's not easy. For instance, every issue our readers help us by tearing out the card facing this page and using it to introduce somebody new to NR. That's how we grow. How do you improve on that?

Then the idea hit us: why do so many of our readers use the cards? Why, beCAUSE, that's why. So why not make it more than just a good thing to do—why not make it really enjoyable? (That's what's called trying harder.)

So we went to our Art Director (we found him comfortably seated on one of his old ideas), and we said: "Do us a card that will be a joy to use!"

That's the card facing this page. Here at NR, we go for Baroque.

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California is now the most populous and may be the richest state, and when the NYSE opens at ten in the morning, California brokers have to start work simultaneously at seven in the morning, their time. Soon the New York tail will not be able to wag the West Coast dog; now might be the last chance for this pre-eminent institution to adapt itself to the westward shift of people and money. How about Chicago, Kansas City, Denver? In a business that needs nothing but a telephone and an IBM machine, flexibility is there for the asking. The price of indecision is, moreover, quite measurable: the regional exchanges (Midwest, Pacific, etc.) have been growing, in recent years, even faster than the NYSE in volume of trading and importance as a financial reservoir. Think big, Keith Funston!

The Heinous Sin of Miss Frances Knight

Oh, that mischievous *New York Times*. H. Stuart Hughes of Harvard, whom it bills merely as "a respected scholar who teaches . . . a popular course in European intellectual history" and "co-chairman of the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, which advocates disarmament by all nations", but who has also passionately advocated unilateral disarmament, is taking a European sabbatical this fall. The FBI asks Frances G. Knight, head of the Passport Office, to alert American embassies in Paris and Moscow, asking them to let the State Department know if any oddities concerning Hughes reach their ears—a fairly routine and, in this era of Staughton Lynds and Cyrus Eatons, a sensible precaution. Miss Knight is on vacation and the cables are sent by a subordinate. Act II: Miss Knight is "reproved by her superiors" at State for having presumed to take on investigative responsibilities without a request from an authorized agency. The cabled instructions to the embassies are canceled.

Did Miss Knight's reproving superiors know of the FBI request? They didn't know. Did they realize the cables hadn't been sent by Miss Knight personally? They didn't realize. In view of their error, is the FBI, a fully authorized agency, to have its request reinstated? The *Times* doesn't say. Isn't the whole thing something less than a hot Page One story with extensive quotations from the reproving memo, which is utterly invalidated, *plus* a shirttail concerning Miss Knight's "controversiality" and suspected link to the railroading of her former boss and Liberal antagonist Abba Schwartz? We wouldn't say the *Times*' handling of the story actually contrives to give the impression that Miss Knight and the FBI are out to get Hughes like they got Schwartz, but then we're a slow reader.

Revenant Lumumba

The downward spiral that was the public career of Kwame Nkrumah has been traced in considerable detail in the Western press of recent weeks. Even so, such significant patches of the history as his role in the Congo crisis of 1960-'61 have received surprisingly little attention. A Harvard undergraduate, Hunter Lewis, writes us that according to a series of conversations he has had with Mr. Aryee Quaye Armah, a scholar at the Pan-African Institute in Accra, and later a political exile, the outlines of the Osagyefo's downfall can be detected in his almost forgotten association with Congo Premier Patrice Lumumba.

Nkrumah apparently saw in Lumumba a chance to revive his own dream of a triumphant all-African strike force moving south to the sea; the Congo, with its very considerable resources, would, in concert with an expanded Gold Coast Union of Guinea, Ghana and Mali, offer an ideal base from which to launch full-scale guerrilla warfare. The two leaders huddled, setting priorities: first, a definitive mop-up of Angola, driving out the Portuguese; after that,

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Northern Rhodesia (now Zambia); then Mozambique and Bechuanaland; finally, the white bastion of South Africa would be breached, a victim of the unified and unbeatable black African federation.

It is generally supposed that Nkrumah was less sold on this scheme than the unrealistic and quite possibly unbalanced Lumumba — Nkrumah spoke only rarely of the guerrilla campaigns which would fashion Africa into a great world power, and then only late at night and in the company of a few trusted friends—but in fact he was at least as enthralled as Lumumba. Mr. Lewis quotes Mr. Amrah on Nkrumah's vision of Pan-Africanism:

"It is all too possible for students of African affairs to equate the process of nation-building in Ghana with Pan-Africanism. Such an equation would be misleading indeed. Ghana itself, as Nkrumah has often said, is important only insofar as it serves as a spark to spread Pan-Africanism through Africa. . . ."

Quite clearly Nkrumah considered the future of his own country of secondary importance, and his self-defined mission to bring together and industrialize the African continent under his personal leadership generated the maladministration at home and buccaneering abroad that was to bring him down. Pan-Africanism commands, i.e. diverts, attention, and consumes a good deal of money. Combine it with the traditional Marxist view that strong, ruthlessly centralized government is essential for rapid growth in heavy industry and what do you get? Among other things, replacement by a band of pragmatic nationalist-patriots who were not persuaded that Nkrumah's dream of glory was what Ghana most needed just now.

Robert M. Schuchman, RIP

Robert Schuchman wrote his own obituary almost exactly a year ago. He telephoned to this office to give us the appalling news of the death of Robert Hurt at age twenty-nine. We asked him if he would write the death notice for NATIONAL REVIEW. "Death," he began, "is always a terrible thing, but it is more so when it takes away the hope of a lifetime of intelligence and creativity. The loss of Robert Hurt at the age of 29 leaves an unspeakable emptiness not only in the hearts of his many friends, but in the minds of unknown generations of students of liberty." And he gave the short history of Hurt, so strikingly similar to his own. Both of them won honors as undergraduates, both of them graduated from the Yale Law School, both of them were postgraduate students, and friends, of Professor Milton Friedman. Hurt had gone off to Princeton. Schuchman, in a letter we received from him two macabre days after his death at 27, advised us chirpily that he had accepted a position at the Law School at the University of Denver for next year.

The death of his friend Robert Hurt deeply affected Schuchman, and there are those who believe that it was this event that persuaded him to leave the practice of law in New York and return to the academy—as if to fulfill the tragically aborted career of one of the most interesting young intellectuals of the postwar period. He even undertook to complete an essay begun by Hurt, which earlier this year he read to the American Economics Association. When he left New York City in the fall, to do postgraduate work at Chicago, he left everyone who knew him lonely, for his wit, for his incomparable energy, for his infinite appetite for pointed mischief, artful conspiracy, for the genius with which he succeeded in infusing life into politics.

It was that energy, reinforced with his hard intelligence, that elected him the first National Chairman of the Young Americans for Freedom, at the founding conference in Sharon, Connecticut, in 1960. He guided the young organization with skill and devotion and humor, and was known from coast to coast for the sharpness of his argument, the excellence of his mimicry, and his inexhaustible capacity for seeing the humor in every situation, even in those which victimized him. His devotion to conservative ideals never permitted him to stop wondering, digging, analyzing, questioning. Last summer he traveled to Italy for the annual conference of the Mont Pèlerin Society, to which he was elected, the youngest member in the history of that distinguished assembly. And as recently as early this March he attended, and chaired a meeting of, the fledgling Philadelphia Society, where he was among friends who cherished him, admired his gifts, and took unalloyed pleasure from his company.

He was struck down in Chicago at noon on Thursday, and died from a cerebral hemorrhage at five the following afternoon, never regaining consciousness. "Just before dying," he had written of his friend, "Bob Hurt had been reading the Meditations of Marcus Aurelius, who wrote 'The man to whom that only is good which comes in due season, and to whom it is the same thing whether he has done more or fewer acts conformable to right reason, and to whom it makes no difference whether he contemplates the world for a longer or a shorter time—for this man neither is death a terrible thing.'" "No difference to him," Bob Schuchman concluded his obituary, "perhaps; but a great difference to his friends." Amen. Schuchman was, as closely as anyone, the embodiment of the spirit and intelligence of the young conservative movement to which he contributed so very many acts conformable to right reason in so very little time. Even so, he will be missed, and remembered, as a unique human being. WFB Jr.

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The Catholic Church and Abortion

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

ON THE RIGHT

There is great pressure to ease the abortion laws, and it is being said that the Catholic Church prevents its being done. If that is the case, the Catholic Church should reconsider its position in the light of the Vatican Council's clarification last year of the meaning of religious freedom.

Buckley

The most recent survey on American attitudes towards abortion laws was conducted by the National Opinion Research Center of the University of Chicago. The pollsters asked Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish men and women whether they sanctioned abortions 1) if necessary to protect maternal health; 2) in case of conception resulting from rape; 3) in the case of a defect in the fetus; 4) in case of poverty; 5) if the woman is unmarried; and 6) if the woman is married, but desires to control the size of her family.

The poll showed that six out of ten Catholics favor abortion when the health of the mother might otherwise be in jeopardy, that 70 per cent of Protestants favor abortion under those circumstances, and 100 per cent of the Jews. The approval of abortions diminished sharply after the first three categories, terminating in approval, merely as a means of birth control, by 11 per cent of the Protestants, 8 per cent of the Catholics, and 32 per cent of the Jews.

Significantly, the proposals of the American Law Institute (ALI) as promulgated in 1959 are to ease legal restrictions in the first three categories. As the ALI recommended, abortions should be legally permitted whenever doctors have reason to believe that "there is a substantial risk that the continuance of the pregnancy would gravely impair the physical or mental health of the mother or that the child would be born with grave physical or mental defects, or if the pregnancy resulted from rape by force —or incest."

Bills incorporating these recommendations have been introduced in New York, California, Illinois, Maryland, Minnesota and New Hampshire. "But," a report in a major newspaper indicated, "because of organized opposition, mainly from the Catholic Church, none has ever been enacted."

"The Church does not condone the direct killing of any innocent person," the Rev. William MacManus, director of the Family Life Bureau of the Archdiocese of New York is quoted. "The life of the fetus is human life and therefore is inviolable." That much Father MacManus is wholly entitled to say, and all Catholics are restricted, therefore, from submitting themselves to abortions—even if they approve of them. But Fr. MacManus goes on to say that since the Church opposes any form of abortion, it feels "a strong objection to seeing the law widened further."

Fr. MacManus might better have said that to see the law widened further would greatly sadden him, believing as strongly as he does in the moral wrong of abortions. Thus does he, and should he, grieve, as a believing Catholic, that all other men are not also believing Catholics. But surely the principal meaning of the religious liberty pronouncements of Vatican II is that other men must be left free to practice the dictates of their own conscience, and if other religions and other individuals do not believe that under certain circumstances abortion is wrong, it would appear to contradict the burden of the Vatican's position to put pressure on the law to maintain the supremacy of one's own position.

It might be argued that abortion is in a class apart, in that, in the eyes of some, it is an act of aggression against an innocent and unprotected third party, the unborn child; that therefore it falls outside the realm of individual rights—which are, according to every man's religion, circumscribed by other people's rights.

The Greater Evil

Some Catholics may understand themselves to be pleading as defenders of the rights of unborn children of whatever faith, and the stand is honorable; but not viable; and the means by which the case is pleaded must be suasive rather than coercive. Not viable because the positive law, the law in effect, does not recognize an unborn child as a human entity, possessing rights—which is why penalties against illegal abortions are less than those against murder. With the result that the vision some Catholics might cherish, of introducing unborn children into the category of citizens fully endowed with human rights, is a vision so utterly unapproachable as to suggest that the requirements of prudence and of charity intervene; that other, preliminary considerations should figure more prominently in the social program of the Catholic Church. One of them being that the resentment against the Church, if it continues to exert an inordinate leverage on civil policy, might be of itself the greater evil.

The subject is bound to arise in politics as of major relevance. The Catholic bishops might well put it on their agenda for their annual meeting in the fall—to explain the application of the religious freedom declaration of the Vatican to such civil problems in America as the divorce laws, the birth control laws, the abortion laws.

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The Third World War

Reflections on Neo-Isolationism

JAMES BURNHAM

Modern psychology has taught us that the impulses and aims which determine an individual's conduct are seldom revealed, even to him, by the words he uses taken at face value. A similar rule applies in trying to understand a political tendency; what its spokesmen *say*, the explanations and arguments and programs they offer, must be related to wider patterns of social behavior.

Burnham

It is at first sight puzzling that those who today urge isolationist arguments—often, like Walter Lippmann, publicly accepting the label—are in many cases the very same persons who have in the past been notably interventionist, and scornful of the older isolationist generation. Senator Fulbright is a perfect example, along with Lippmann himself and Hans Morgenthau, Chester Bowles, George Kennan and nearly any of the slew of professors from, or trained by, the big eastern universities, who have been so busy at teach-ins and open letters. These men are telling us that our nation has no business in Southeast Asia or anywhere else on the Asian continent, and that the struggle there, no matter what the outcome, affects neither our security nor our national interest. It all sounds terribly familiar to anyone acquainted with the isolationist rhetoric of the pre-1914 years and the period between the wars. The place names, however, have changed.

And that, surely, is the point. Samuel Lubell proved some years ago that the older isolationism—which opposed entering World Wars I and II—was strongest in areas of the country where a large portion of the population was of Germanic stock. Though the political formula (isolationism) was in the abstract a principle of general validity, and seemingly a mere continuation of Washington's warning against foreign entanglements, in actuality the isolationism *of that period* was directed not against wars and entanglements in general, but quite specifically against getting entangled in an alliance with England and France and going to war against Germany.

For at least some citizens, there was a further dimension to disputes between interventionists (as they may as well be called) and isolationists in those days. The interventionists thought, or felt, that our national destiny was linked most intimately, for the future as in the past, with Europe; and that, having become a great power, our fate was ineluctably involved in Europe's fate. The isolationists felt, or thought, that it was precisely by breaking with Europe—with the Old World—that we had become a people and a nation; that our destiny had from the beginning been directed westward—to the Mississippi, to the Pacific, and in this century, beginning with the Spanish War, on out across the Pacific. It was a question of which sea—Atlantic or Pacific—was *mare nostrum*.

Geopolitics and Destiny

The core of the older Atlantic-oriented interventionists has always been drawn from "the Eastern Establishment," has been and is, in fact, more or less identical with the Eastern Establishment. Naturally so: the members of the Establishment live along the coast facing Europe, travel back and forth across the Atlantic, have (many of them) gone to school in Europe; they read European books and are often related by marriage to Europeans. Let us add that by the time of World War II a good deal of leftward-leaning Liberalism had seeped into the Establishment—even at the very top. The universal Liberal preference for an enemy on the Right thus reinforced the Atlantic motives for intervening in a European war in which the fight could be against Nazis and fascists. Similarly, in the reversal of roles that has taken place as Asia becomes the theater, the Atlanticists' (i.e., the Establishment's) reluctance about embroilment in the Pacific is strengthened by their lack of stomach for a fight against the Left.

Let us now complete the ironic circle. The pained voices of Senator Fulbright, George Kennan and the *New York Times* inform us that the Establishment dislikes and opposes intervention in Southeast Asia. But the Eastern Establishment backed Lyndon Johnson for the Presidency, and if its support of Johnson was less than wildly enthusiastic, its rejection of his opponent was total.

The Johnson-Goldwater Axis

But Lyndon Johnson, in his soul and guts, is *not* a man of the Eastern Establishment (though it is no longer, in our day, limited to the geographic East). Even in his domestic policy it is not ideological Liberalism acting, but political manipulation of the masses seasoned with old-fashioned small-town evangelism. Everything about Johnson, from rhetoric to taste in food, art, clothing or friends, shows plainly that he is another kind of being than the Europe-oriented, Atlantic type. (His war service was, inevitably, in the Pacific theater, and his most congenial diplomatic trips as Vice President; he never seems comfortable in Europe.) So far as foreign policy goes, Lyndon Johnson expresses the same basic temperament and policy as Barry Goldwater. The citizens who in 1964 voted for Goldwater are today, in general, the firmest supporters, outside of the professional military men, of Johnson's intervention in Asia. In the former age, of naval supremacy, it was the men of the Atlantic coastline whose vision intuitively encompassed not only their own acres but the crowded peninsula from which their ancestors had sailed. Today, in the age of missiles and aerospace, it may be that the still wider ranging vision of the entire globe—and of the reaches of space beyond it—emerges more naturally in the clear air of Texas and Arizona.

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Letter from Down Under

Australasia Revisited

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

"Australasia" is, of course, not a popular name with New Zealanders. They sense in it some hint of Australian annexationism. In addition, it reminds them of their proximity to the enormous Asian continent. Even so, it is unquestionable that the several cultures suggested by the term Australasia are well represented in New Zealand. The largest city, Auckland, has changed considerably over the last six years. The amount of traffic in this previously staid and somnolent town of half a million has doubled, and the number of skyscrapers has trebled. Tourists are coming in ever increasing numbers, forcing the immigration authorities to liberalize their policies. Incidentally, immigration is still, as ever, at the discretion of the government, and no recourse from its decision is possible.

Kuehnelt-Leddihn

After World War II only Anglo-Saxons, Celts, and Dutch were allowed to immigrate in appreciable numbers and after the revolution of 1956 one hundred Hungarians were let into the country. Now one sees German and Italian periodicals in the stalls, but the people in the streets are still principally British, with an occasional Maori to be seen in the crowd. The native population is, however, increasing by leaps and bounds, even if the admixture of "white blood" is becoming markedly stronger. Color lines are practically nonexistent and one member of the cabinet is always a Maori.

New Zealand no longer has a Labor government. The Nationalists are once more in the driver's seat but—as in so many other countries—the conservatives will need time to "undo" the work of their predecessors. New Zealand is still a prototype of the welfare state although (as in the case of Sweden) one has to be careful about applying the label "socialist." Every socialist state is a welfare state, but this statement cannot be reversed. The public sector is by no means prominent in New Zealand; as a matter of fact, it is far smaller than in France, Austria, Italy, or Spain. The key industries are still in private hands and there is very little talk of nationalizing anything. Even the Labor opposition has dropped the subject.

Australia is far more dynamic than New Zealand. Once a radical welfare state, it is today far less an example of that form of social order than it was some 30 years ago, and in the meantime Europe and even the United States have overtaken it in this regard. "Medicare" exists in Australia but it covers only a small fraction of the real expenses and must be supplemented by private insurance. There is massive immigration, initiated by Australian Labor Party leader Arthur Caulwell after World War II when it became evident that this underpopulated continent (only a few hundred square miles smaller than the United States) was an easy target for Asian expansionism. Caulwell had to beat down opposition from organized labor to a liberal immigration policy, but the present Liberal (and, by American standards, conservative) government of Prime Minister Harold Holt has continued the policy first viewed with apprehension by many Old Australians, who no longer deny the necessity for immigration.

Now the great problem is to find the immigrants. The high quality of the New Australians who came from behind the Iron Curtain immediately after the last war cannot easily be matched. Today's emigrating Italians, Spaniards and Greeks favor Germany, France, or Switzerland. The prosperous Germans and Dutch are staying home. The British—nicknamed "Pommies"—are not always automatically happy in Australia and often leave after a trial period, and the American immigrants (they do exist!) are too small in numbers to figure prominently, but speculation has it that more might come if chronic unemployment sets in in the booming United States.

Again and again the question has been ventilated whether Australia should not open her doors to a limited Asian immigration. Under the rule of Mr. and then of Mrs. Bandaranaike in Ceylon many "burghers" of mixed Dutch, Portuguese and Singhalese descent went to Western Australia, and their ranks were swelled by Christian Eurasians from India. But this was about as far as the Australian government was prepared to go. Obviously the labor-oriented ALP objects more strongly to Asian "migrants" than the conservative Liberals who represent the entrepreneurs. Capitalism (as in South Africa) is, of course, more inclined to be colorblind than "national socialism," but as a result of their variegated cultural backgrounds, all Asians are not equally assimilable.

Australians Are Tough

The general acknowledgment of Australia's strategic position in the Western Pacific is what prompted the government to send troops to South Vietnam and, as recent reports noted, reinforcements are scheduled. This decision has been strengthened by the Australians' realistic feeling of being hitched to the American wagon, a feeling that dates from World War II when the United States alone prevented a Japanese invasion of their country.

Last February, symbolically enough, the Australian dollar replaced the Australian pound at the rate of 2:1 and leaflets have been circulated to educate the citizenry on handling the new currency.

Toughness has always been an Australian virtue. At the Paris Peace Conference President Wilson, desiring to counter Australia's claims on (German) New Guinea, challenged the Australian Premier William Hughes: "I represent 115 million people, how many are behind you?"

"Sixty thousand dead," was the Premier's blunt reply.

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Who Will Protect the Police?

Why have New York's three top policemen been bounced off the force? The answer seems to be that City Hall is trying to muscle back in to the police business

J. P. McFADDEN

A key emotional issue of the New York mayoral campaign last fall was whether the city should institute a Police Review Board to investigate charges of police brutality. Yes, said Republican-Liberal candidate John Lindsay; yes, but less emphatically, said Democratic candidate Abraham Beame; no, said Conservative candidate William F. Buckley Jr. (and bless you for that, said about every policeman on the force, but not for publication). The issue of a civilian review board is not confined to New York. It has been under debate in Philadelphia, Chicago, Los Angeles, indeed in all the large cities where civil rights agitation and slum conditions have caused violent rents in the social fabric in recent years.

The question of a review board has become a watershed of sorts. In favor are all the official civil rights organizations, minority leaders in general, the ACLU, and many but by no means all Liberals. Against it are a growing number of citizens who believe there is a serious moral crisis in America today and that part of it is demonstrated in disregard for authority: in the homes, in the schools and more recently in the streets. They point to the skyrocketing rate of dope addiction, to soaring police figures on crimes of violence. They read—it's an everyday occurrence—of repeated acts of brutality by young hoodlums, many of whom appear to have been treated with the most loving of tender care by judges, parole officers and social workers whose sympathies seem more readily aroused by the sad family background of the young rapist than by the crime he has committed. Hand in hand with the growth of crime has come a series of Supreme Court decisions, starting with *Mallory* in 1957, that have made it more difficult for law officers to gain the evidence needed to convict. The rights of policemen to question suspects and to use confessions obtained through questioning in court have been seriously abridged. And this, in turn, has hurt the morale of the patrolman on the beat who often sees a culprit he has brought in, quite possibly at the risk of his own life, turned loose on a technicality. It has also hurt the quality of law enforcement, says former N.Y. Deputy Commissioner of Police Joseph Martin:

"The eager, dedicated young policeman starts out at a trot. Then this kind of thing slows him down to a walk. Finally, you find him dragging his feet—he doesn't know where he stands so he does nothing."

Resignations on the Rise

Sometimes he does something else, though. He resigns. The rate of police resignations is also up and municipal authorities are finding it ever more difficult to recruit men of the right caliber into police forces where they are not only abused in the course of their duty but also now threatened with political interference after the hard job on the street has been done.

In the last year or so the beleaguered policeman has, in addition, had to cope with a new doctrine promulgated by the Reverend Martin Luther King Jr. (and repeated by the late Adlai Stevenson, who knew better), which is that one should obey those laws one considers "good" and disobey those laws one considers "bad." This anarchistic reading of the law was strongly attacked in a well-publicized speech by former Supreme Court Justice Charles E. Whittaker to the Bar Association of Tennessee last summer. Justice Whittaker put Mr. King's position in focus:

> It seems rather clear that a large part of the current rash and rapid spread of lawlessness in our land has been, at least, fostered and inflamed by the preachments of self-appointed leaders and minority groups to "obey the good laws, but to violate the bad ones"—which of course simply advocates violation of laws they do not like, or in other words, the taking of the law into their own hands. . . . This conduct cannot be termed "civil disobedience," for conduct violating criminal laws is not "civil" but "criminal" disobedience. And that conduct is not protected by the peaceable-assembly-and-petition provision of the First Amendment.

While police brutality has been alleged probably since the first Egyptian soldier took his first prisoner to the Pharoah's stone quarry and said "Haul," in our day it has become a ritualistic rallying cry of professional civil rights demonstrators and is heard at least as often as "We Shall Overcome."

In New York the issue of "police brutality" became hot in the summer of 1964 when Lt. Thomas R. Gilligan shot and killed a fifteen-year-old Harlem youth who was advancing on him with a knife during a disturbance. Everyone in sight yelled for Lt. Gilligan's head. The demonstrators and street-corner orators had at it and New York was treated to a weekend of rioting in Harlem and the Bedford-Stuyvesant area that caused a reported $1.5 million in damage and injured at least 118 people, of whom one-third were policemen. A grand jury that investigated the circumstances leading to the boy's death cleared Lt. Gilligan, refusing to indict him for using unnecessary force. Nonetheless, the matter of an official Police Review Board had become part of the New York City political ethos.

By the fall of 1965 the lines were pretty well drawn. Conservatives, but not conservatives alone, opposed the Review Board because they felt it would tend to politicalize the Police Department and because they believed the Department could best police itself. They agreed with Police Commissioner Vincent Broderick

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when he said, in his testimony against the Review Board:

> Much of police work entails immediate reaction to crisis. Decisions must be made by the police officer on the street in a split second. It is vital that when the police officer's action is reviewed it be reviewed by one who has a capacity to evaluate the propriety of the action in terms of the police crisis in which it was taken and who, at the same time, has a disciplinary responsibility which extends not only to the propriety of the action, but also to its complement, the propriety in the same situation of the officer's having failed to take action.

But for the Liberals a Police Review Board was by now a symbol and candidate Lindsay promised that when he took office he would institute one. Lindsay had a relatively free hand. Commissioner Broderick had taken over the job in June 1965 as an interim appointee to fill out the term of former Commissioner Michael Murphy, whose contract would have expired in mid-February; Broderick's contract would be renewable at the option of the new Mayor.

The new Mayor must have been sorely tempted to keep his capable police chief. Just one week after his election—on November 9—the lights went out all over the Eastern United States. Nothing of the kind had ever happened before. It could have been an immense disaster in a city of eight million and a metropolitan area of twice that. It wasn't, and much of the credit must go to the New York Police Department which made one of the toughest situations in history look easy. It was the same Police Department that several weeks earlier had handled the visits in New York, on the same day, of the President of the United States and the Pope with such competence that the ordinary citizen was hardly disturbed.

It was the police department that, just five hours after John Lindsay took office, was confronted with a major transportation strike in the midst of a January cold wave. All leaves were canceled. Most patrolmen worked twelve-hour shifts seven days a week for the grueling 13 days that the strike lasted and they kept the traffic—well, if not exactly moving, at least crawling. It was a demonstration that the New York police force was not only one of the best-led and organized in the world but that it had the staying power to handle a situation in which the nervous tensions increased by geometric bounds with each passing day, each new crisis.

Commissioner Broderick's contract expired February 22. On February 15, Mayor Lindsay announced that Broderick would not be retained, that he would be replaced by Commissioner Howard R. Leary of Philadelphia. It was pointed out that Philadelphia has a Police Review Board with which Mr. Leary, presumably, had been able to get on.

On Thursday, February 24th, the big shake-up got underway. Commissioner Leary called in Chief Inspector John F. Shanley, the number one man in the Department, and informed him that he was being replaced by an Assistant Chief Inspector, Sanford D. Garelik. Shanley argued against Garelik's appointment on the ground that Leary couldn't possibly know Garelik was the best man for the job since the new Commissioner

The following is taken from a speech by former New York police commissioner Vincent Broderick, delivered at Fairleigh-Dickinson University March 8, 1966:

Prior to 1954, and despite the provisions of the Charter, it was often the practice for the Mayor and whatever political organization was in power to take an extremely active part in Police Department matters. Deputy Commissioners were selected by City Hall; designations and advancements of detectives were brokered through local district leaders; advancement to ranks above Captain reflected in many cases political connections rather than professional competency. This system invited corruption —a corruption which begot corruption.

When Mayor Robert F. Wagner took office in 1954 he returned to the provisions of the Charter. He established the principle which, until two weeks ago, prevailed: that politics was to be kept out of the Police Department and the Police Department was to be kept out of politics. He appointed a series of Police Commissioners who enforced this principle.

And under these Commissioners, the New York City Police Department became the preeminent law enforcement agency in the world. Merit, rather than political connections, became the sole criterion for advancement. The men of the Department developed a consciousness of the nature of their law enforcement obligations which made it possible for them fairly, effectively and impartially to provide an atmosphere of law and social order in the vast complex that is New York City. They accepted the principle that law enforcement is not an end in itself but a necessary means by which society makes it possible for each of us to enjoy the individual liberties which are our birthright. They accepted the principle that each of us has been endowed by God with an individual human dignity which is entitled to and which demands respect. They accepted the principle that the law applies equally to all, and must be administered impartially to all, irrespective of race, creed, national origin, or the language one speaks.

The members of the New York City Police Department learned, during these twelve years, that police, to fulfill their role as professional law enforcement officers, can only serve effectively if they know and sympathetically understand the problems, the vexations and the frustrations faced by the members of the communities they serve. And thus the strong emphasis, particularly in recent years, was upon the development of sympathetic channels of communication between the police and the members of the communities they protect.

These twelve years of progress

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hadn't yet looked into Garelik's or anyone else's file. The next day Leary called in Shanley, told him he would be taking a 45-day leave of absence, that Garelik would be named as acting Chief Inspector and that they would have a talk about Shanley's future assignment upon his return. But when the order was made public it stated flatly that Shanley was being replaced by Garelik, and Shanley—with no other honorable alternative—put in for retirement. When, in his first talk with Leary, Shanley had pointed out that Garelik would owe his loyalty not to the Police Department or to the Police Commissioner but to City Hall, Leary replied: "That's politics. It's a rough business."

Why was Garelik chosen among so many other capable officers? Senator Jacob Javits revealed several weeks later that he had brought Garelik to the attention of Mayor Lindsay. Garelik is also known to be a friend of Deputy Mayor Robert Price. Rumors that he might be promoted, even appointed Police Commissioner, had been floated as early as last November. It is reasonable, then, to assume that his promotion, given the fact that Commissioner Leary met him only two days before he promoted him, was politically rather than professionally motivated—however well qualified professionally Garelik may turn out to be.

On February 26th—Saturday—the new Chief Inspector told Chief of Staff William F. McQuade that he wanted him to stay on. Losing him, he was reported to have said, would be like "a paperhanger losing one arm." But by Monday, Garelik had changed his mind. He called in McQuade, whom Commissioner Broderick describes as "the finest operations police officer in the world," and asked for his resignation. No explanation was given. There was a short-circuit someplace along the line on this one because Leary, when he heard of it, said he had given Garelik no such order. He asked McQuade to stay on. McQuade thought it over for a day, saw the writing on the wall—and refused.

In the course of that same weekend the third top-ranking professional in the New York Police Department, Chief of Detectives Philip J. Walsh, retired of his own volition with the announcement that he wouldn't "work for one day" under Garelik. Walsh was not immediately replaced, but Garelik's old rank (Assistant Chief Inspector) was given to Lloyd Sealy, the first Negro to attain such a high position in the NYC Police Department.

When City Council President Frank O'Connor, a Democrat, blasted Mayor Lindsay and his new Police Commissioner for "jeopardizing the divorce that was effected long ago between the Police Department and City Hall," Lindsay did his best to attribute dark motives to both O'Connor and Broderick.

"I put this question to Mr. O'Connor and Mr. Broderick," said the Mayor. "Why are they persistent in their attacks on Mr. Garelik [a Jew] and Mr. Sealy [a Negro]? I would advise Mr. O'Connor and Mr. Broderick to be very cautious in persisting in these attacks." When Mr. Lindsay was informed that two former city Police Commissioners, Michael Mur-

(Continued on page 331)

—twelve years in which the concept became established that there was to be no political control of, or interference with, the Police Department—culminated in the most glorious five months in the history of the New York Police Department, between September 1965 and February 1966. During this period the Department, in addition to its normal, day-to-day tasks, handled superbly three of the greatest challenges ever faced by any police department: the simultaneous visits to New York in October of President Johnson and Pope Paul; the November blackout; and the transit strike in January. Central to the Department's success in coping with each of these crises were three men: its Chief Inspector, John F. Shanley; its Chief of Staff, William J. McQuade, and its Chief of Detectives, Philip J. Walsh. During each of these experiences the public was exposed to the true worth of the Department: to its capacity, under competent leadership and with high morale, to serve the City well. The prestige of the Department was never higher.

All of those who constituted the top leadership of the Police Department during this period are now gone.

Gone with them is the morale which insured the success of these three operations, and the trust and confidence of the men of the Department in their top leadership.

Gone with them—perhaps beyond recall for the next four years—is the concept that politics has no place in the Police Department. . . .

The people of the City of New York have already lost three outstanding professional police administrators whose lives had been dedicated to public service. They can ill afford to lose any more. . . .

The tragedy of recent events lies not only in the undeserved shortening of the promising careers of three outstanding police officials, but in the cancer of cynicism these events breed in the minds of the public and the members of the police force. The "winds of change" turn the clock back to the days of "pull," or "clout" or whatever dirty word you care to use. . . .

There is one truth we cannot lose sight of. The police role in a democracy is crystal clear and set by law. It cannot and must not be distorted or misused to serve the purposes of any political group, however well intentioned. In a dictatorship the police power is seized by each succeeding strong man and used for his own purposes against the people. In a democracy the authority of the police stems from the people and must remain outside the political power struggle. Should the police ever become subject to the whims of politics our right to equal treatment under the law will vanish.

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Letter from Abroad

Control of the Red Sea

ALAN FORD

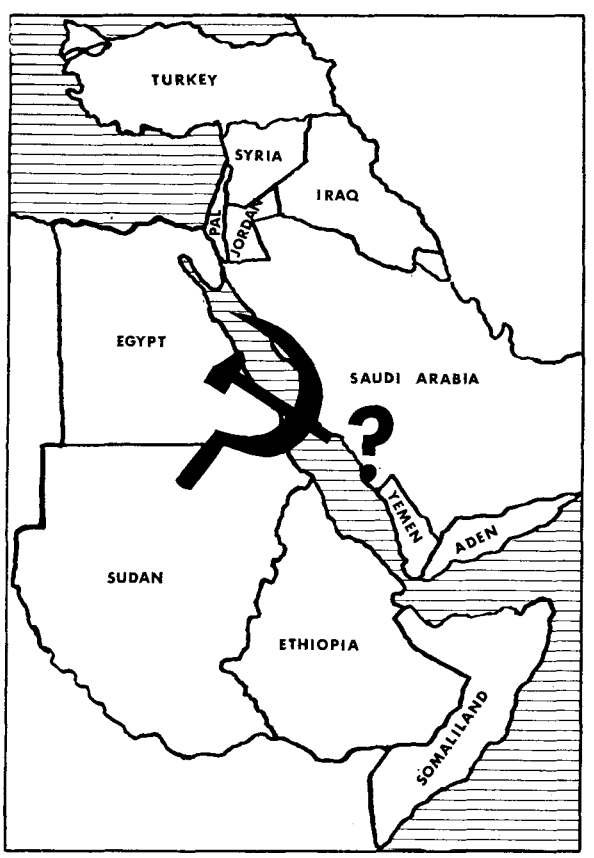
While the attention of the world is focused on conflicts in Asia and central Africa, the Communist powers have been increasing their efforts to control the Middle East. The trouble in Aden and Yemen is well known. Less well understood, however, is the attempt on the part of Russia to gain control of the Red Sea.

Terrorism in Aden in an attempt to force the British from the protectorate precipitously could well lead to further pressures to force the French from Djibouti, opening both of these strategic ports to Communist influence or control.

Further up the Red Sea, Egypt under Nasser has become, to a greater extent than generally realized, the tool of Russia. Reliable sources report large caches of ammunition and weapons in Egypt in amounts far in excess of the needs of the Egyptian Army. These Russian-provided munitions are apparently being held in readiness for the day when Russia or other Communist powers will feel the time ripe for an open conflict in the Middle East.

Egypt has used U.S. foreign aid for years to finance and lead revolutionary movements in nearby countries, notably Yemen. Guerrilla leaders and weapons have come from Egypt through the Sudan to the rebels in the Congo; Egyptian agents have been active in subversion in North Africa, and Egyptian leadership and funds have supported the anti-government forces in Eritrea and elsewhere.

To the south along the Red Sea the large country of the Sudan has recently been engaged in a conflict which has been passed off in official reports as a relatively minor local conflict. To thousands who have barely escaped with their lives from the southern Sudan it is a very different story. The northern Moslem army has engulfed the pagan and Christian South in a blood bath. The northern Sudanese are Arabs, the southerners Negroes. The massacre at Juba reportedly took the lives of 1,200-1,400 people: men, women, and children. A Sudanese Roman Catholic priest, witness to the massacre, escaped after days of stumbling half-dazed through the bush. Safely in Uganda, he tape-recorded his account of the slaughter. He described it as largely a systematic attempt to eliminate the intelligentsia. Murder, looting, the burning of houses and the burning of men alive were witnessed by the priest. In another large city in the South there was a wedding of an important southern Sudanese. A crowd of several hundred, mostly well-educated Sudanese, attended the wedding festivities. In the midst of the feasting the northern Sudanese army encircled the wedding party and massacred all of them. In Khartoum shortly after the last change in government a large Protestant mission compound was burned to the ground and reports indicate some 600 southerners were killed in the riots at that time. Information received from refugees and other sources indicates that the Sudanese Army is attempting to eliminate possible future opposition to the Islamization and Sudanization (another word for the same policy) of the South by destroying the educated class of southerners. Christian leaders have been buried alive, property confiscated from the southerners and redistributed to northern Arabs. Clerks, government workers and teachers have been sent in from the north to fill the vacuum left by the death or exodus of former southern Sudan leaders. The Arabic language, unknown to most southerners, has replaced English in the schools of the south.



The Sudanese government is not openly Communist though there is considerable Communist influence in it and Khartoum newspapers characteristically echo the Communist "anti-imperialist" line. Communists and socialists operate freely with vast supplies of foreign funds. Much religious literature other than that of Islam is forbidden while Communist literature floods the country. The objectives of the Communist-inspired rebels in the Congo and those of the Khartoum government are the same. It is necessary to eliminate all possible opposition in order to effect an absolute rule. The Communists are sure to gain by the ruthless suppression of the determined, freedom-loving southerners.

Busy with her own war and the fierce resistance of the "rebels" in the South, the government at Khartoum has considered it to her advantage to enter into a pact with Ethiopia and Uganda. The neighboring countries agree not to harbor refugees from the South in return for the Sudan's agreement not to assist rebel groups or to support subversion in their countries. Shortly before this agreement, arms

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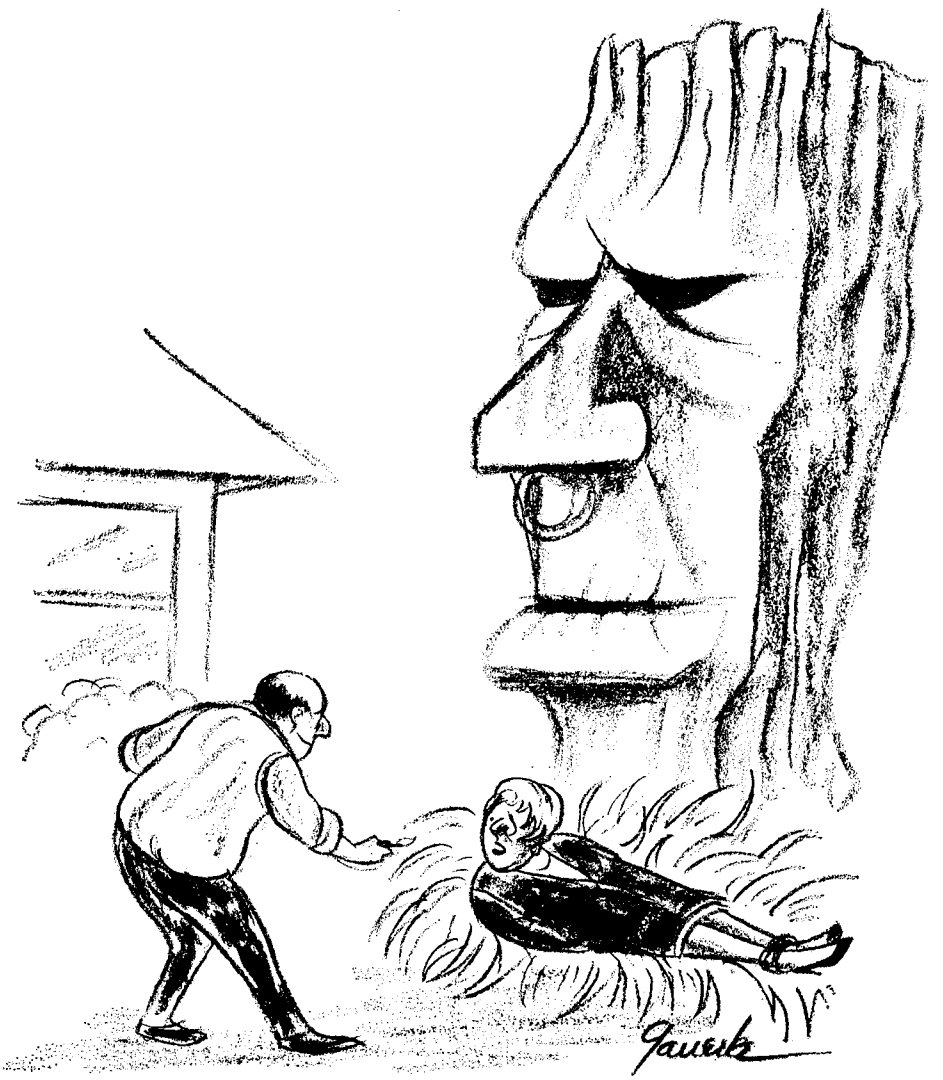
were openly being flown and shipped by truck and rail through the Sudan to the Eritrean Liberation Force, fighters for the freedom of Eritrea from Ethiopian rule. Some public notice of the arms shipments was given when eighteen tons of modern high-powered Czechoslovakian weapons, flown from Syria to Khartoum, were temporarily stopped at the airport when it was mistakenly thought that they were intended for use in an attempt to overthrow the new Sudanese government. The open official shipment of Communist arms to the Liberation Force through the Sudan has probably ceased but arms still reach Eritrea by sea and are also smuggled in by land. Kassala in the Sudan has been the headquarters and refuge center for the Liberation Force and the source of much anti-Ethiopian propaganda in newspaper and leaflet format distributed in Eritrea in vast quantities.

The Communists have capitalized as they so often do on the discontent of the people. When Eritrea ceased to be a federated state and was absorbed into Ethiopia as a province of that country, the Addis Ababa papers reported the unanimous decision of the Eritrean Assembly (November 1962) to unite with the Motherland. They failed to report the intimidation preceding that vote or the presence of some recalcitrant assemblymen in jail at the time the vote was taken. Since then a former Assembly president and other leading figures who opposed union with Ethiopia have left the country and are providing leadership for the Eritrean Freedom Fighters from outside. Guerrilla leaders have been trained in Syria and elsewhere and sent back to lead the liberation movement. Presently many areas in the north and west of Eritrea are in effect under the control of the freedom fighters who collect taxes in many areas of the country to help pay their soldiers the equivalent of $32 per month. Forces up to four hundred strong move with considerable freedom in the country, attacking isolated police stations and Ethiopian Army patrols but exercising great care (since presently it suits their ends to do so) not to antagonize the populace or foreigners. Their tactics are similar to those employed by the Communists in Cuba and elsewhere and are effective in winning popular support. The ultimate objective of Russia, which backs the movement, is not only independence for Eritrea, but through that, Communist control of the important sea ports of Massawa and Assab. Already the Russians are in strength in Assab where they are completing a large oil refinery for the Ethiopian government. Russia has also built and staffed hospitals and schools and is providing technical assistance and distributing considerable Communist propaganda in the country. Communists from Yugoslavia and other countries are also here awaiting the day Ethiopia becomes a People's Republic. The Communist-inspired revolt of the Imperial Body Guard a few years back in Addis Ababa came precariously close to success. The next revolt will no doubt be less hastily executed.



"The police may not go along with your concept of religious freedom, dear."

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Vietnam—The Republican Performance

PRINCIPLES & HERESIES

Frank S. Meyer

GRANTED that our engagement with Communism in Vietnam poses many complex problems of policy. Granted also that President Johnson's position (good though it is when contrasted with the position of such Democrats as Senator Kennedy and Senator Fulbright) leaves much to be desired in terms of consistency, energy, and clarity of purpose. Nevertheless we are engaged under his leadership in a serious confrontation with Communism—a juncture of events which would seem to demand of the opposition party the most responsible exercise of its indispensable function as the balance wheel in a free representative polity.

Meyer

General support of the President against the forces of appeasement within his own party would in no way tie the Republican Party to the President's coattails, since there is room for the most searching criticism of the weaknesses of his policy and the presentation of a program that would by its energy and realism measure up to the immensity of the Communist challenge now centering in Vietnam. One would the more expect this of a party whose 1964 Presidential candidate campaigned on the basis of just such an understanding, particularly when a considerable proportion of his then so denigrated proposals have become the active policy of the Administration.

Instead, the chief spokesmen of the congressional leadership of the Republican Party have indulged in a display of petty partisanship, apparently devoid of principle and certainly irresponsible in effect, the active content of which is just about limited to gloating over the dissensions on Vietnam in the Democratic Party. True, they have expressed *pro forma* support for the war, but the effective image they have presented to the country is that of side-line spectators of the discomfiture of the party in power.

It would be sufficient cause for concern were these manifestations simply the offhand product of the exuberance of political infighting; but the dereliction of responsibility, unfortunately, goes deeper. The line that has been taken seems to be based upon a deliberate decision. The motivation for such a decision is transparent—to achieve political advantage on a non-principled level by picking up votes from all those discontented with the Administration's Vietnam policy. The political "cleverness" consists of couching the attack in a way that they hope will gain support both from those whose discontent arises out of dissatisfaction with the indecision and erratic course of the Johnson policies and from those whose discontent arises from a totally different source, fundamental opposition to the war, based either on confusion or on outright hunger for appeasement.

Even for narrow immediate political gain, such straddling will not work, as it never has worked when a nation stood at a critical point in its affairs. From a longer perspective, rejection of the demands of statesmanlike responsibility can ring the death-knell of a political party.

WHAT HAS happened to the Republican Party that a decisive section of its leadership can take such a course? These men are at least as patriotic as their Democratic colleagues; they have shown over recent decades a much greater understanding of the dangers of Communism. What makes possible the bankruptcy of leadership we are witnessing?

The answer can be found, I think, in the condition of the Republican Party as it emerged from the election of 1964. The defeat of Goldwater accentuated the pre-existing divisions within the Party and traumatized all sorts of people who should have known better, throwing them into a state of shock in which they uncritically accepted the sedulously cultivated analysis put forward by the Liberal Establishment. The loss of a battle was construed as final proof that the Republican Party could never win under conservative leadership. But the Liberal wing of the Party had so thoroughly disgraced itself by its sabotage of the campaign that it was effectively disqualified for leadership in the eyes of the majority of active Republicans. There remained the center, untainted by the advocacy of explicit conservative principles and yet proven in its loyalty to the Party by its dogged support of the Goldwater campaign.

Inevitably, under these circumstances, leadership passed to the center, a transfer of power symbolized by the election of Ray Bliss as national chairman. Some conservatives accepted this as a happy eventuality, resigning themselves to the idea that the best that could be expected for the next few years would be a continuation of the alliance of conservatives with the center, which had backed Goldwater, but with roles reversed and the center now in the leading position. Affected by the climate created by the communications media, they felt that this was the only realistic political course. Abstractly, this reaction made reasonable tactical sense, but in actuality the concept has foundered on the hard fact that leaders must have some idea of what they stand for and where they are going.

This, the present leadership of the Republican Party lacks. In the image of Ray Bliss, it seems concerned only with trying to find ways of winning votes, irrespective of principle. Its bankruptcy in the Vietnam crisis brings to dramatic focus the inherent weakness of its position. In the light of this performance, it would seem that the time has come for conservatives to reassert their leadership of the Republican Party. The great bulk of the Party, including most of those who today manage its destinies, will respond if they are given clear, responsible leadership. But this the center has shown it cannot give. It is up to the conservatives.

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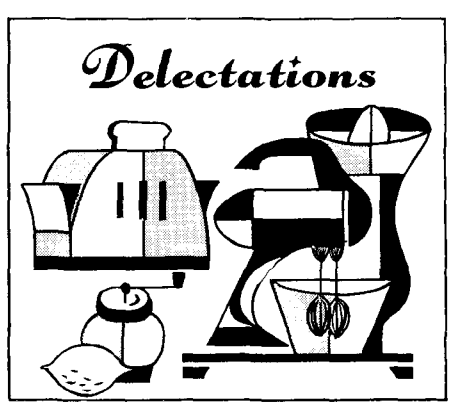
Kitchens à la Carte

NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

When I read that some people spend from $10,000 to $35,000 on their kitchens, I wonder what on earth anyone can put into a kitchen that costs that much money. I know there is a lot of precious new equipment, such as electronic ovens at around $1,000, warming drawers (the steam table brought up to date) that will keep a meal at a controlled temperature for hours (for about $400), glass chillers, instant water-heaters, automatic ice-making machines (another $400), built-in ovens, eye-level broilers, tabletop burners, giant refrigerators (available with pop art fronts), freezers, garbage disposers, and dozens of small appliances—but even all of these would not nearly add up to that kind of dough. So I went among the cognoscenti, the high-class real estate people, the editors of publications devoted to handsome living, interior designers, fancy kitchen object shops; and I took a look at some of the kitchens in that rarefied financial atmosphere. It all made me feel like a peasant (barefoot, tugging at forelock) confronted with Versailles, and my, what vistas into the *modus operandi* of the other half as well.

Somebody who was contemplating making over an old barn in Connecticut had told me that in order to inspire her, the various real estate agents had taken her on house tours around the country. She was much struck by the fact that the kitchens in the $60,000 to $80,000 houses were designed and decorated like mad, whereas those in the $100,000-plus establishments were generally straightforward and utilitarian. The cognoscenti bore this out: the kitchens of the medium-rich and the kitchens of the rich are not at all the same. The kitchens of the medium-rich, who don't really believe in servants and don't have them, are supposed to establish them as people of originality and charming, discriminating tastes, and gourmet cooks as well, since gourmet cookery is now the national indoor sport. These are the kitchens with custom-made cabinets and units (teak, at $2 per square foot and walnut at about $1 or, even more expensive, custom-made stainless steel units); deluxe hardware ($5 and up for doorknobs); and, in the language of the cognoscenti, "decentralized cooking equipment" made as inconspicuous as possible by fitting it into specialized "centers." These might include a food-planning center (desk, cookbooks, telephone), one for food preparation (sink, several cutting boards), one for clean-up (sink, dishwasher, garbage disposer), food preservation (refrigerator, freezer), pastry-making (marble-topped counter), drinks (ice-making machine, liquor and wine storage), family center (eating table, counter), and thrust-power vents to keep it all sweet.

These are also the kitchens with planned aesthetic effects in their materials—contrasting or matching woods, marble, imported tiles and flooring, wallpaper, luminous Plexiglas ceilings and other interesting lighting effects. Above all, these are the kitchens with the boldly displayed esoteric utensils and ingredients, all ineffably splendid and expensive. They range from professional chefs' sauteuses, mijoteuses and other special pots and pans, to cleavers, knives, whips and strainers and so on to antique and modern bowls, molds, kettles, baskets, ceramics and cheese bells. At Pampered Kitchens, a New York emporium with carefully chosen, and rather beautiful kitchen objects, they told me that nowadays there is nothing like copper to establish you as a warm, robust, beauty-prone personality. People who wouldn't spend a penny on Baccarat glass will fork out $60 without blinking for a small copper pot or pan, not to cook in, but to hang on the wall. Other objects *en vogue* are French iron pothooks and masses of wooden spoons standing upright in an artistic container. Since these things are out in the open as part of the kitchen's design, they cannot be used too often or they would become unsightly. Besides, they are not really necessary to cook even a good meal, which experienced cooks can do with a few battered old pans.



You'd think that the owners of so much beauty would bask happily in the sun of a secure image. But apparently a great many of them do not. According to George O'Brien, the knowing and witty writer on design, it is now the fashion to have two of as many things as possible, such as six-burner restaurant ranges (the present in-thing), stainless steel sinks, ovens, freezers, refrigerators and what-not in major equipment. There really isn't much one can say to that, except muse on the fact that electronic ovens have been praised by their owners for their excellence in heating frozen foods and leftovers like spaghetti (no water needed), and that the instant water-heaters, like their poor 98-cent drugstore brothers, are superlative for making instant coffee.

The really rich, on the other hand, do not look upon kitchens as a status symbol, since kitchens are for the cook. They believe in servants and are willing to pay for them. All servants, including cooks, are conservative; what they want, and usually get, are straightforward kitchens in the best fully equipped GE manner. But I am told that among the extremely rich the cooks have to carry on with whatever equipment is still good and, such is the unfairness of life, they usually do.

What got me into this kitchen thing is that I needed a new kitchen myself. I came to the conclusion that if one wants to spend oodles of money to be established as a personality, it is better to go to a good designer who, like the Scandinavians, will design

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anything from houses to gardens and flatware. Leslie Larsen is one among them, for people who like a practical, yet very imaginative way with wood and an easy flow of space. He confirmed what I'd been hearing all along: that it isn't the equipment that brings up the kitchen costs, and not even the fancy materials, but the labor. A rough estimate of costs would be one-third for the materials and two-thirds, sometimes more, for labor. A contracted price might run in a union shop to $15 an hour. You can imagine how this mounts up when it comes to custom-made cabinets, drawers, shelves, odd-shaped architectural units like center islands and peninsulas, special range hoods and goodies like a solid maple chopping block table which pivots around and lifts to any height from 18″ to 40″ by pumping on a pedal. Then there is also the high cost of installing the extra voltage needed for equipment; in a Manhattan apartment on the tenth floor, this may cost $2,000 and more, before even beginning the kitchen work on all the decentralized units like tabletop burners, which require special installation.

What fascinates me is that in this age of electronic ovens it took me three days of steady traipsing through Manhattan to find a plain, good-looking, sturdy canister set for sugar, flour, tea and coffee. Apparently, no manufacturer has yet discovered that sugar and flour are usually bought in five-pound bags, and that though of the same weight, they are not of the same volume. Thus, even if I avoided the over-decorated horrors sold at fancy prices, I'd still have to wrestle with my conscience about the odd half-pound of flour that is invariably left over and hangs around in the cabinet.

Journey to the Center of the Dot

Once upon a time the legislator who was Chairman of the Senate Tides and Gravity Control Committee,
Came to the decision that whatever else one could say about Mother Nature it certainly was a pitee
That the Sun controlled the tides and the Moon influenced gravity,
Since so much power could only lead to corruption and other forms of illiberal depravity.
So he scheduled a public hearing which was to be held the following Tuesday,
A kind of awkward day for the Secretary of State to appear because that was to be his Hang-Around - The - Department-To-Listen-With-Implacable-Patience-To-People - Opposed - To-His - Travel - Ban - On - Escaped-Burglars-Who-Want-To-Go-To-Monte Carlo-In-Season-Give-Their-Views Day.
But fearing that his request for a postponement might infuriate the Chairman and thus jeopardize the Government's lively interest in seeing that the Senator doesn't cause too much trouble with gravity and the tide,
He thought he better go to the hearing although frankly he could have cried.
So he went over.
And as it turned out the day was practically all clover,
Because although
He couldn't convince the Chairman or some of his colleagues that the President was only following the traditional policy of measuring as opposed to correcting the primal forces of Nature, he did manage to get the Chairman to finally admit over a nationwide television network that it is the Moon and not the Sun which actually controls the ocean's ebb and flough.
Which was progress, he thought, no matter how you look at it,
Even if ten years or longer he took at it.
And late that same day when the Chairman finally let him go,
Do you know
What little Johnny Brightkid who was home from school that day with measles and watched television for a bit said to his mother?
He said, "Y'know, Mom, I wanted to get very smart so that when I grew up I could qualify as a senator on some important committee, but now I don't think I will bother."

Johannes Eff

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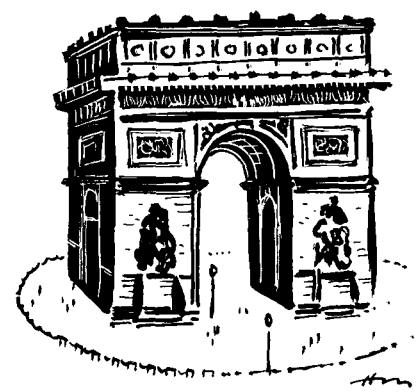
Unvarnished Tale of the Commune

GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

The outstanding quality of this book is its clear-sighted realism: a quality derived from the author's adherence wherever possible to the use of eye-witness accounts from impartial sources. Since few Frenchmen of the time were or could be impartial, he has relied heavily on the numerous Americans and Britons who were present in Paris and its environs during the tragic months of the Siege and the Commune, some of whom kept more or less complete diaries and nearly all of whom had a fortunate habit of writing descriptive letters which Mr. Horne's diligent research has brought to light. He has followed Ruskin's precept that "the only history worth reading is that written at the time of which it treats, the history of what was done and seen, heard out of the mouths of the men who did and saw."

By using factual accounts as the basis for shrewd analysis, Mr. Horne has been able to sweep aside the smokescreen of opposing myths by which the facts have long been obscured. His blunt assertion that at its birth in March 1871, "the Commune had nothing to do with Communism" came as a surprise to this reviewer, as it will to many readers; his explanation, which he documents irrefutably, is that "for their own dialectic purposes, the Marxists have distorted the Commune to create a myth portraying something that never was."

Upon this myth Karl Marx founded the evolution of Communism as we came to know it in later years; as early as September, 1870, he predicted—from the security of London—that a German victory which led to the dismemberment of France would inevitably end "by forcing France into the arms of Russia," followed by a new war of revenge which "will act as a midwife to the inevitable social revolution in Russia." Upon Lenin, "the Commune and Marx's interpretation of it were to have the most cosmic effect"; above all he was determined not to repeat in Russia the errors of hesitation and confusion of tongues which brought the Communard cause in Paris to bloody ruin. It was this example which convinced



Lenin that "the only way to [revolutionary] success was total ruthlessness": including the elimination of all opposing views.

Mr. Horne's narrative opens with an account of the glittering corruption of Napoleon III's tinsel Empire, an Empire which its ruler sought to preserve by his constant search for *"la gloire,"* exemplified by his adventure in Mexico. He was finally led into the fatal decision to declare war on Prussia over the publication of a telegram implying discourtesy by the King of Prussia to the French Ambassador, which "even with Bismarck's editing . . . was hardly a *casus belli.*" (Mr. Horne finds Couve de Murville's 1963 rejection of Britain's application to join the Common Market to be couched in language "only a shade less uncivil"!)

Unhappily for *la gloire,* France was not ready for war; within six weeks one French army (led by the Emperor in person) had surrendered at Sedan, another was besieged in Metz, and Paris was a beleaguered fortress. Most of the rest of France remained unoccupied; the siege of Paris was at first maintained by relatively weak Prussian forces, while in the French provinces the energetic Gambetta—having escaped from Paris in a balloon—was raising new armies. The author makes clear his belief that with more effective cooperation between the garrison of Paris and Gambetta's field army, the war might have taken a different course, but the opportunity was bungled, and Paris—starving and under bombardment—surrendered. This capitulation the fiercely patriotic townsfolk regarded as a betrayal. It was from their sentiment that the Commune was born, and it received considerable initial support from persons of moderate political views who were indignant over the surrender terms.

The national government headed by Thiers which had been proclaimed as the successor to the defunct Empire tried to seize the artillery gathered on Montmartre by the left-wing battalions of the National Guard; the attempt was horribly bungled. The troops captured the guns, but had failed to bring along horses to drag them away: they were soon surrounded by "Red" battalions reinforced by a vast mob composed of the riffraff of Paris. Discipline among the regular troops failed; two generals were dragged into a garden and shot, the contagion spread—with old-time revolutionaries coming to the front—and the government fled to Versailles. Marx—and Lenin after him—always maintained that had an immediate attack headed by the disaffected National Guard with their cannon been launched against Versailles, the government would have been destroyed, but again the opportunity was missed amid a great clamor of diversified personalities, occupying the whole political spectrum from moderate Republicanism to anarchy.

The Fall of Paris: The Siege and the Commune, 1870-71, by Alistair Horne. St. Martin's, $6.95

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Bismarck, alarmed at the possible effect of the Commune on German socialists, hastily modified the armistice terms to permit France a larger Army than had been contemplated, and speeded up the release of the French prisoners of war: some 400,000 men taken at Metz and Sedan. The more violent radicals began taking charge of the Commune, and "hostages" (including the venerable Archbishop of Paris) were seized. The march on Versailles, belatedly attempted, was mismanaged even worse than the government's attempt to seize the Montmartre cannon had been. By this time the Versailles leadership was thoroughly frightened and so were most Parisians who wanted no part of any Red revolution. In the end, the Commune was drowned in a sea of blood; some 25,000 lives were taken, many by Red terror, murder of hostages and the like, but the majority in the course of the barricade-by-barricade recapture of the city of Paris by the reconstituted Versailles army, and the subsequent "expiation," as Thiers called it.

Our author tells this story in grim and faithful detail, relying throughout on his eyewitness accounts as far as possible. It is not a pretty tale —there was little mercy shown on either side. One is repelled equally by the savage hags who scream for the killing of the two captured generals in the Montmartre garden and there defile their bullet-torn corpses, and by the elegant ladies in a Versailles street who, when the corpse of the Communard leader Flourens, cut down by a trooper's saber, was brought in on a dung-cart, thrust the ferrules of their umbrellas into the shattered skull.

Three hundred years before the days of the Commune, some 25,000 of the inhabitants of Paris were slaughtered on Saint Bartholomew's Day, in 1572, in an attempt to drown in blood the political power of the Huguenots. A few days later, the King of France, Charles IX, rode out with his court to view the corpse of the murdered Huguenot leader Admiral Coligny, which had been hung on a gibbet in chains for public display. "Methinks, sire," simpered a gilded gentleman of the court, "the good Admiral grows a bit noisome." To which the King snarled in response: "The body of a dead enemy always smells sweet."

The recurrent scenes which accompanied radical political change in France between 1572 and 1871 give rise to the suspicion that the King may have coined a phrase not without a certain enduring significance in French history. Alistair Horne's "plain unvarnished tale" of the siege of Paris and the Commune which followed contains much food for reflection—including the fact that we have had to wait nearly a century to get the story straight.

Science Fiction

Beginning with the 19th Century

THEODORE STURGEON

SHE, ALONE in a secret chamber filled with scientific equipment she has discovered over her bedroom, divines its evil purpose—to record evidence from below which would compromise and destroy her. Enter the villain, and in the ensuing confrontation he describes the moment, years ago, when he fell in love with her and began to hatch his elaborate plot. "You were reading aloud, to a circle of *savants*, a chapter from a French journal, reviving, with the vivacity and elegance peculiar to the scientific literature of France, the old discoveries of Chladni. . . . The hand which held the pamphlet was a delicate, a beautiful hand, sparkling with diamonds, and blushing with the same intellectual enthusiasm which inspired a melodious voice that warbled, more than it uttered, the mellow periods of the author. The

Future Perfect, by H. Bruce Franklin. Oxford, $6.50

Twice 22, by Ray Bradbury. Doubleday, $4.95

Cities of Wonder, edited by Damon Knight. Doubleday, $4.50

FROOMB!, by John Lymington. Doubleday, $3.95

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face, the form, the lips, the eyes, the fair rounded arm and the grace of attitude . . . inspired your auditors with admiration. The admiring *savants* listened with delight while you spoke of the atoms of Chladni and of Epicurus, and led us, by a ravishing disquisition, from the cold, angular ideas of mechanics into the rich sunlight of poetry and philosophy. The dancing atoms of Chladni became to me the cause of passionate admiration. . . ."

AND HOW I envy one J. D. Whelpley, who reported these events in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* in 1859! —not for his privilege of attending such a *salon* and encountering such a lady, for that can truly, however rarely, happen today; but for the freedom he clearly felt to use such a scene in fiction, complete with the exquisite construction of the evil admirer's syntax, in the conviction that he would be believable. Having been led so frequently in modern tales by chicks in bikinis (and I'm not knocking chicks in bikinis—they are not mutually exclusive with such as Whelpley's heroine) I would yet admire to be led occasionally, and confidently to lead my own readers, with a "ravishing disquisition."

This is but one of many possible reactions to Professor (at Stanford, of English) H. Bruce Franklin's extraordinary *Future Perfect,* which is considerably more than it proclaims itself—an anthology of nineteenth-century American science fiction. As such, it is all the perfect anthology should be, and that which most are not: a mixture of the long-loved but lost, the familiar and welcome, and the I'll-be-damned, where has *this* been all my life? There is also comment and criticism, readable and lucid, covering not only science fiction written during that extraordinary century, but very broadly its science and its fiction. Here are notable stories by those masters of sf—Hawthorne, Poe, Melville, Bierce, Bellamy, Fitz-James O'Brien, Mark Twain, and others. Here is my own long-loved but lost *The Birthmark,* which has haunted me for years; I couldn't recall where I had read it nor the author's name. (It's Hawthorne). Here's my familiar and welcome *The Diamond Lens* (O'Brien) and Poe's *Mellona Tauta.* And *Atoms of Chladni*—where have you been all my life? One is moved to so abrupt a question as: what do you read anything for, anyway? Entertainment? Instruction? Provocation? There can hardly be other reasons—and Professor Franklin here provides you with it all. Join me in gratitude.

One of the things the articulate Damon Knight says in his introduction to *Cities of Wonder* is ". . . there is something innately frightening and attractive about the idea of being *enclosed* in a gigantic man-made thing with a personality—even, perhaps, an intelligence—of its own." There is indeed, and this aspect is manifest in all the stories here, in one way or another—slam-bang adventure, pulpwood suspense, or so finished and expert a story as Benet's "By the Waters of Babylon," without question the most horrifying atomic doom story written in the entire year of 1937. Aside from its compelling *raison d'être,* the book is well worth having as one of the rare conveyances of E. M. Forster's superb and seminal *The Machine Stops.*

FROOMB! is a puzzling and provocative book. The title word is a bit of slang from the near future, and could catch on. The writing, which strikes this ear as veddy English-author, is at the outset full of oddments such as, "Like the insects, it had been hoped that mankind would adapt it-

Random Notes

● BOOKS: Odds and ends of Americana are lavishly displayed in four notable new mostly-picture books. Ben Karp tastes a lot of Gingerbread, and finds it good, in *Wood Motifs in American Domestic Architecture* (Barnes-Yoseloff, $12.50); *Fifty Early American Towns* are explored by Everitt B. Wilson (Barnes-Yoseloff, $8.50); Allan I. Ludwig, a graveyard traipser, collects moon-faced angels, everbearing trees and frolicsome skeletons in *Graven Images: New England Stonecarving and its Symbols, 1650-1815* (Wesleyan University Press, May, $22.50) . . . Speaking of pictures, the Sierra Club's offering for spring is *Summer Island,* photographs of the Penobscot Bay country by Eliot Porter (April, $22.50). . . . The late Buster gets a big biography in *Keaton,* by Rudi Blesch (Macmillan, May, $9.95). . . . In the works is an *American Heritage Dictionary,* by the fancy magazine people and Houghton Mifflin, but you can't get one till 1968. . . . Joseph Wechsberg deals, no doubt urbanely, with all those shadowy international financiers so dear to the hearts of conspiricists in *The Merchant Bankers* (Little Brown, May, $6.95).

● TURN IT OFF: Wonder Woman (*Pow!*), The Green Hornet (*Whoosh!*), The Phantom (*Creak!*), Mandrake (*Zap!*) and Li'l Abner (*Choke!*) may ornament the nation's telescreens soon, now that Batman (*Swish!*) seems to be paying off nicely. All are in negotiation or pilot stage. . . . Also possible are series based on that old radio chiller, *The Shadow,* rights to which CBS-TV recently bought, and on *The Rover Boys,* now owned by a Canadian syndicate and being readied for teevy. How about *The Motor Maids, The X-Bar-X Boys, The Boy Allies, The Wireless Boys* and all them?

CBS-TV has a newish idea for specials. *Death of a Salesman* will run April 3, for two straight hours, with Lee J. Cobb and Mildred Dunnock back in their original Broadway roles. Come fall, they'll do Chekhov's *Ivanov* as a 90-minute special starring Gielgud, Claire Bloom and others from the current London cast. . . . Watch for Carol Burnett's special March 22 on CBS; she'll be joined by Lucille Ball and Zero Mostel. . . . *Variety* urges a special Emmy for the "network pre-emption of the season," to KMBC-TV of Kansas City, which bumped ABC's *Long Hot Summer* series one night to run the original film.

● FOOTNOTE: Max Wylie vows to block Chandelle Productions' "ghoulish, sub-human" plan to do a film documentary on the murder of his daughter Janice and her roommate.

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self," the kind of sentence structure which used to make the late great H. W. Fowler fulminate, and lines like " 'And you actually told him you were going to kill John Brunt?' Her voice whined up in fear like a lift and ended in a hiss"—an image which, for all it may be elevating, signals surely for a sibilant somewhere. And yet . . . and yet . . there's this Minister of Science, brother, to boot, of the Archbishop of Canterbury; a brilliant, strong-headed genius who kills a man with the man's willing concurrence. Purpose: to find the precise location of Heaven, and to report back. Suspense is derived from the political necessity to bring him back to life immediately (news of the "murder" has leaked to the opposition press) *versus* the absolute prearrangement to wait 24 hours. The wait becomes a test of strength and ingenuity. Embroidered about this main design are some startlingly astute and perceptive comments about government, profit-taking, religion, genius, life, death, and love, and the whole thing is most satisfactorily unsolved at the end—a nice thing to be able to say about a book clearly designed to spark some original thought and one which makes it a success. It is the sort of non-great book which one forces on a friend if you both like to argue.

Doubleday has bound Ray Bradbury's two collections of fine short stories, *The Golden Apples of the Sun* and *A Medicine for Melancholy* in one volume at what is, considering the quantity and quality of the offering, a bargain price. These 44 short stories are a more than adequate demonstration of the reasons for Bradbury's wide acceptance among mainstream and longhair readers who might be expected to eschew anything that might be called sf, as well as evoking hero-worship within one segment of sf addicts and anathema within another. The strife seems to be semantic, a matter of labels. Be it known, therefore, that Ray Bradbury is not a science fiction writer. He is a poet and a fantasist and a fabulist and a stylist extraordinary. He is also a writer with something to say on social and deeply human issues, whether it's the right of a man to take a walk or the anguish of an art-lover who encounters Picasso drawing on the sand, and later sits helpless listening to the tide come in. One caution: dole carefully to yourself from this great platter of sweets and savories. If Bradbury has a vice, it derives from his virtue, for his most special flavor can be cloying to the gobbler.

An American Epic

M. STANTON EVANS

THERE IS A THEORY which says modern technology with its computerization of thought and elaborate servo-mechanisms has taken the romance out of life. With machines and electronic gadgetry doing so much, we hear it said, what's left for man?

The story of David Sarnoff, told here in sympathetic accents by veteran journalist Eugene Lyons, proves this lament has got things pretty well turned around. Like every other refinement of human enterprise, the technological revolution is itself the product of tenacity and genius. Sarnoff's singular career demonstrates that there is as much scope for daring and enterprise in the Age of the Electron as in any other. Sarnoff is, of course, the presiding genius of the Radio Corporation of America and of its subsidiary, the National Broadcasting Company. He is the man who pioneered, in dizzying succession, American radio broadcasting, the development of the nationwide network, the perfection of television, and—most recently—the final stunning success of compatible color TV. He has led the way to the whole complex of marvels now considered most typical of our electronic era.

David Sarnoff, by Eugene Lyons. Harper, $6.95

As Eugene Lyons makes clear, Sarnoff's progress toward his present lofty eminence has been anything but automated. It has stemmed not so

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much from mere mechanical competence—although this Sarnoff has in plenty—as from the primary virtues of courage and greatness of impulse. From his first proposal in 1915 for a "Radio Music Box" (what is today an ordinary radio receiver set) to his long Punic struggle for compatible color, he has combined sweeping imagination with a limitless capacity for mastering detail and for sticking by his guns. Had he lacked the persistence of a knight crusader, our age would be poorer in its technology by measurable dimensions.

GREAT DISCOVERIES or ideas have one characteristic in common. Before they are achieved they are considered incredible and not worth the effort deemed necessary to make them real. After they are achieved, it seems incredible that we should be without them. Such things tend to mark epochs—to separate one way of thinking or mode of life from another; the men capable of negotiating them are historical figures endowed with special powers of creative imagination. Sarnoff is such a man many times over. He has made the leap when others could not, on at least three separate occasions—to radio, to television, and to color. He has added to this gift of prophetic vision the ability to make it stick—to mobilize vast industrial and technological resources, to pour millions of dollars into his dream, and to stay with the job until it is finished. These characteristics have stood him in good stead in his second career as public servant, officer in the army, consultant to Presidents, and mediator in public controversies. One of his principal efforts in this arena was a far-seeing but unfortunately rejected campaign in behalf of a sternly anti-Communist "liberation" program for the captive nations behind the Iron Curtain.

The Sarnoff story is, patently, a testament to the range of American opportunity. A penniless immigrant to the United States who worked his way from office boy to corporation mogul—in that respect Sarnoff fulfills the Horatio Alger image. But his personal achievement in the ambiance of liberty is perhaps less to the point than the things he and the nation were able to achieve together; for it was the versatility of American life, the multiple options available to the innovator, the readiness of capitalists to speculate, which allowed the Sarnoff fervor and imagination to do their work. What in other lands remained ideas in the minds of theoreticians became, in America and through Sarnoff, accomplished fact.

Sarnoff has not done all this entirely without setbacks. In certain contests with his arch antagonist, the Columbia Broadcasting System, he has suffered important defeats—notably on the question of merchandising long-playing phonograph records (RCA opted for 45 rpm; Columbia for 33 1/3). But it is a measure of Sarnoff's stature that his greatest victory has issued from what seemed to be his worst adversity. When the Federal Communications Commission ruled against "compatible color" in 1950 and in favor of CBS' mechanical process, Sarnoff was momentarily thought to be not only down but out. Had he been cut to the safety-first pattern popular in some corporate circles, he would have quit there—if not long before. He continued to fight and, as every television viewer knows, he won; he believed his idea was right and was willing to stake his all in a long contest to prove it.

Television is the great symbol of modern technological wizardry, color television of the taken-for-granted opulence that wizardry is able to confer upon us. The cliché has it that, when we view the World Series or a special news report or "Batman" in compatible color, we are witnessing the triumph of automation. The truth is that we are witnessing the triumph of David Sarnoff and are enjoying the potencies of individual determination.

Modern Star Chamber

ROBERT J. GERSTUNG

THE FORMS OF TYRANNY are as fickle as the fashions of a lady's wardrobe. The emergence of the new tyranny appears to be more like the aggravation of a nagging mother than the blows of a harsh father. Her domination is for our own good: it is benevolent in concept and non-adversary in character. The self-evident axiom of this nagging tyranny is, "Do good to others before they do it for themselves."

Szasz troubles the dark, still waters of psychiatry and the law. He peeps beneath the crazy quilt of federal and state procedures which render impotent the constitutional right to a speedy and public trial. He uncovers a method by which the citizen, against his own desires and interests, can be confined without trial, without bail, without counsel and without a prompt hearing. The procedure is a prosecutor's motion for an involuntary pre-trial psychiatric examination of the accused in a suitable hospital. The legislative purpose of statutes like Title 18, Section 4244, of the Federal Code is to prevent the weight of a trial from falling on a defendant whom the prosecution suspects of being mentally incompetent to stand trial. Dr. Szasz does not deny the juristic value of such a goal, nor does he deny that some defendants are not competent. He does ask the reader to consider the constitutional abuses inherent in such a procedure, especially in those cases where the defendant wants to be confronted with the evidence against him.

Psychiatric Justice, by Thomas S. Szasz. Macmillan, $6.95

This book will delight the lawyer by its brief-like style, and the non-lawyer will be attracted by the use of trial transcripts which lend both the suspense and tension of courtroom drama. By including his own examination and cross-examination Szasz creates a perfect opportunity to develop his own theories in a living dialogue form. "It is my personal opinion that doctors not retained by a patient, and especially doctors representing opposing interests, are in no position to render psychiatric service, in the correct sense of the term, to that patient."

His main thrust is against that practice which gives to the government the role of healer and jailer. It is the government's testimony which sends the defendant on to the ordeal of trial or confines him to a psychiatric hospital for an indeterminate time. He reminds the reader throughout the book that the accused is subject to examination on the grounds of the prosecutor's mere suspicion, if he is supported by the government's physi-

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cians. As the weeks and months and years pass, the defendant waits in his glass cage for the moment when he may be determined competent. He is not a defendant presumed to be innocent, but a patient presumed to be psychotic. The usual moves of an accused in a criminal case are transformed into symptoms of mental disorder. Refusal to talk about his alleged crime with "his" doctors can be interpreted as evasion and noncooperation. A sally against the system which put him there may be interpreted as paranoia. Time itself works against his defense and in favor of incompetency. Witnesses tend to forget, and the milieu of the hospital begins to take its toll. Can any man exposed to the environment of such a hospital prove his competency when bits and pieces of his life are welded together by experts to prove his incompetency?

Four cases are gathered to support the argument of Doctor Szasz. There is the case of Louis Perroni, who has been under examination since his arrest in 1955 for disorderly conduct. Even though this defendant, at pre-trial hearings, assisted counsel and selected his own expert witness (Dr. Szasz), he was found incompetent to assist counsel in a trial on the merits. Abraham Hoffer, a sex offender, was arrested in 1958; and when he was finally determined competent to stand trial in 1963, his sentence turned out to be the same time he had already spent in the hospital. Frederick Lynch passed a bad check. Instead of going to jail for a minor first offense, he waged a legal battle against psychiatric examination and confinement. His fate was "apparent suicide" in St. Elizabeth's Hospital. His was a "test case," in which his appeal was vindicated before the Supreme Court. "He might even have been a hero. But Lynch was a mental patient, confined in a hospital, not a prison. Instead of setting him free, the hospital authorities initiated proceedings for his civil commitment."

On Monday, October 1, 1961, former Major General Edwin A. Walker was arrested by federal authorities for alleged crimes arising out of his presence in Oxford, Mississippi. While in the process of making bail, he was removed from the State of Mississippi and taken to the U.S. Medical Center for Federal Prisoners in Springfield, Missouri. On the same day a government psychiatrist, who did not personally examine him, made affidavit that his conduct (as reported in the papers and as indicated in his medical records) gave grounds for suspicion of an underlying mental disturbance. On the strength of this statement the accused was committed for 60 to 90 days. Neither Walker nor his counsel was present at the hearing which committed him.

At a hearing to determine his competence to stand trial, two government physicians testified that the evidence warranted a pre-trial examination. The fact that neither of them had examined the accused and that both of them based their expert findings on newspaper accounts of his conduct gave to the hearing the odor of the Star Chamber. On cross-examination the second psychiatrist for the government had to admit that, apart from the newspaper accounts, he had no basis for saying that the accused was incompetent. General Walker was subsequently released, and the federal grand jury did not indict him.

The pre-trial examination to determine mental competence to stand trial can be of value to defendants who cannot assist in their own defense. This procedure should be part of our judicial process, but at the same time the caveats and recommendations of Szasz should be taken seriously by those who see in liberty the foundation of constitutional government. Government inches toward tyranny when general rules are made of exceptional ones. The taint of incompetence can be worse than the sting of penalty. Unchecked power in the hands of the prosecutor has harried the development of criminal jurisprudence. Constitutional protections should not stop short of the right to a speedy and public trial. Dr. Szasz appeals to the conscience of lawyers and psychiatrists by showing how their plastic procedures can be shaped to rigid instruments of tyranny. The first chapter opened with this quotation from Albert Camus. "The welfare of the people in particular has always been the alibi of tyrants, and it provides the further advantage of giving the servants of tyranny a good conscience."

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Theater

Look Back with Nausea

FARLEY CLINTON

LEST ANYONE should innocently visit the Shubert Theater, which now houses John Osborne's *Inadmissible Evidence,* I must warn you that the play is lousy, and that you will only be puzzled, annoyed, embarrassed and disgusted if you waste time and money on it. It did well in London; of course. It is concerned with a typically English character, the ugly, dishonorable, squalid, ambitious, and doomed figure from the constipated middle class, who has been dissected accurately by Anthony Powell in his realistic novels. Those who have seen Osborne's earlier plays, especially *Look Back in Anger,* will recognize the Enraged Young Man, central figure in all his plays, in whom he feels such obsessive interest.

In an England preoccupied, almost morbidly, by class-consciousness and largely devoid of perceptive literary criticism, Osborne's agony has been glibly attributed to his having lower-class origins. So far as Osborne's Young Man is a prototype of vicious class hatred, he is, I suppose, a familiar figure on the island landscape. It is true that he is a victim—of society and of the Socialists. Consumed by fierce snobbery and ambition—the result of an education his parents never expected him to have—he finds in young manhood that the traditional, legitimate satisfaction of these passions is impossible. The Socialists have given him, a working-class boy, the education of a superior class—which they have ruined. And this education was never, and could not have been, the high-road to the Top which the Socialists pretended it was. Meanwhile, the economy of the nation is quite ruined; workers will not work, capitalists will not invest, the Empire which made a difference to every aspect of English life is now annihilated, and everybody is rather poor, especially boys who had nothing to start out with and depended on the hope of entering the solid English middle class.

All very real and indeed infuriating; but only a part, and a small part, of the truth about Osborne's plays. What is striking about them, surely, is the proclamation (in shouts and yells) of an attitude which would have brought failure and friendlessness in any walk of life, in any century. His situation is desperate; but I have noted that Powell, an old Etonian, famous as the most accurate delineator of the life of the rich and the well-born in modern England, has created a character with precisely the attributes of the Osborne hero. No doubt his poisonous dissatisfaction is common enough for various writers to be struck by it. But is Powell only describing, from a social mountaintop, the quaint gestures of the masses below him? I think not. "Uncle Giles" is, after all, an army officer, the beneficiary of a sizable Trust, the uncle of an Etonian. But he has a view of the world which is identical in every detail with the one presented in Osborne's dramas. He

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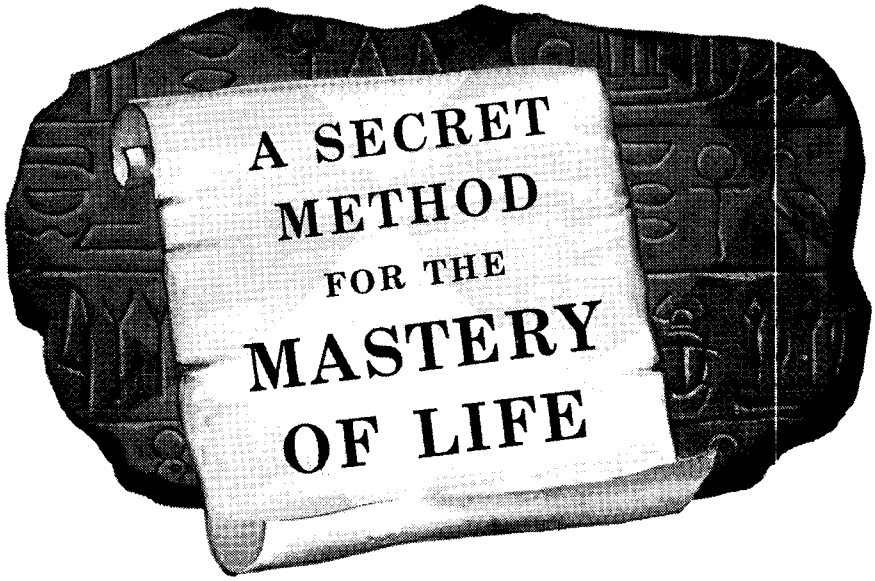
Knowledge That Has Endured With The Pyramids



WHENCE came the knowledge that built the Pyramids and the mighty Temples of the Pharaohs? Civilization began in the Nile Valley centuries ago. Where did its first builders acquire their astounding wisdom that started man on his upward climb? Beginning with naught they overcame nature's forces and gave the world its first sciences and arts. Did their knowledge come from a race now submerged beneath the sea, or were they touched with Infinite inspiration? From what concealed source came the wisdom that produced such characters as Amenhotep IV, Leonardo da Vinci, Isaac Newton, and a host of others?

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hates the rich and resents the poor. For he feels that the poor really have an easier time of it than he does himself, in an increasingly egalitarian world; and he holds that all material advancement in the world is the result of "influence," a mysterious attribute with which he invests every human being on earth except himself.

A LITERARY PARALLEL might be invoked, with the father of psychological realism—that is, sordidness—in fiction. "Comte de Stendhal" was the pseudonym of Henri-Marie Beyle, a Frenchman of upper-middle-class origin, who lived through the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars. Although he professed himself an ardent republican, and a warm friend of the people, he was at the same time anxious to pass himself off as a nobleman. His wish to see the country overtaken by the Revolution derived principally from the thought of the harm this would do to his father, his old tutor, and his personal enemies in the world he was born into. He believed that he sincerely loved "the people," but he admitted that any contact with the poor, or any other way of life than a luxurious one, was intolerable to him. This is all very much like the social and political feelings expressed in *Look Back in Anger* and *Inadmissible Evidence*. The French writer had great difficulty with women; it was the great ambition of his life to be a romantic seducer, but since he was incapable of feeling any affection for other human beings, women were not apt to feel any for him, and this, too, is like the usual situation of Osborne's heroes.

Another of Stendhal's idiosyncrasies was fierce contempt for his countrymen, who, he felt, were spineless, prosaic, law-abiding, respectable, and hence deserving of contempt. Osborne's approach to modern England is exactly the same. But much as he hates England he has not escaped it. There is a perennial childishness about him, and a complete lack of ideas, which is quintessentially English. It is on this account that he is less disturbing than Stendhal—and rather less impressive. Lack of intelligence, outside England, is apt to be a disadvantage; it is hard to see why anyone outside London should give two hoots in Hell whether or not Mr. John Osborne is a gentleman. He has elaborately and tediously established that he isn't. He has established nothing else—since no other

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question in the universe has seemed worth his attention. So who cares?

I have not discussed the plot of *Inadmissible Evidence,* because it does not have one. There is not a vestige of one. The premise of the evening's entertainment is that an exploration of the hero's personality, his opinions, and his considerable unpopularity among those who know him well, is the single existing matter of any real interest. Nicol Williamson rants and roars endlessly in this central role, surrounded by various characters whose function is to expose, bit by bit, the personality I have tried to convey in these paragraphs. They all tell him that they despise him. It is rather embarrassing to watch the play.

No American company of actors could carry it off. Not now, not today.

G. M. PEPPER

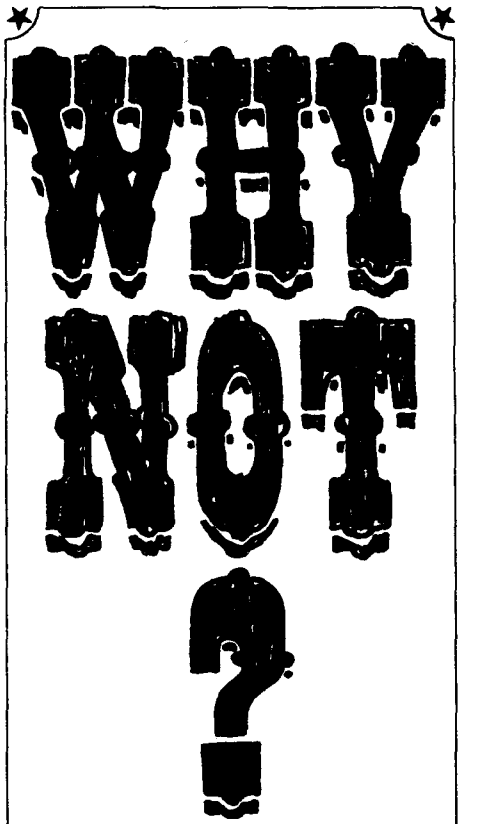
BOOKS IN BRIEF

DOCTORS OF PHILOSOPHY, a Play by Muriel Spark (Knopf, $3.95). The situation: late one night, when everyone's gone to bed, a donnish economist is propositioned by his wife's cousin. "Charlie, give me a child," she says. What follows is delightful, even on the printed page. Plays are meant, of course, to be played. Lines are meant to be read by actors to give them life and we can't truly appreciate them until they are interpreted by the players, but admirers of Mrs. Spark's novels who read her play will find the theater an excellent vehicle for her cultivated, witty dialogue. A comparison with Shaw is probably inevitable. One aspect of the play is definitely weakened simply by reading it. There is a bizarre, or "absurd," dimension to it that would be more disquieting in the viewing. Some of the characters know, or at least suspect, that they are characters in a play. Along these lines, certain speeches and some of the business is apparently meant to set us wondering on reality. You know, the box within a box within a box, what is reality, really? This Pirandellian touch in Mrs. Spark's play seems gratuitous. If her household of Ph.Ds and aspiring Ph.Ds are not so ordinary as we take them at face value, then it should be "banged up" more. But forget that. Just take the given situation, read and enjoy. You'll have to. One can't imagine the show being done here.

THE VITAL FEW, by Jonathan Hughes (Houghton, $6.95). Hughes is more than an economics professor at Purdue. He is a social theorist and a historiographical counter-revolutionary. His contribution to social theory is his formulation of the four main activities of civilizational development: idealism, invention, innovation, organization. He runs against the prevailing winds of historical writing by exemplifying his thesis with the lives of great men—William Penn and Brigham Young the dreamers, Eli Whitney and Thomas Edison the inventors, Andrew Carnegie and Henry Ford the innovators, E. H. Harriman and J. P. Morgan the organizers. It is a joy to read a book established on the premise that large minds, hard work, and courage make things happen, that history is not an icy region of abstract forces, inevitable conclusions, and statistics on the exports of #2 middlin cotton. These eight biographical essays deserve a spot on any decent shelf of American history. Quibbles aside (Penn so uncomplicated, Harriman so dainty?), this book is a landmark in American intellectual history, representing as it does a work in the great tradition of history writing, a tradition almost lost today. It's an example of the kind of history Page Smith theorized about in his excellent (and sadly neglected) *The Historian and History* (1964). A few more like this, and I'm willing to say things are looking up.

W. F. RICKENBACKER

STANDARD ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE WORLD'S RIVERS AND LAKES, edited by Dr. R. Kay Gresswell and Anthony Huxley (Putnam, $10.95 to July 1, thereafter $12.50). As Americans assume a reluctant, semi-imperial role, their customary provinciality has given way to at least newspaper acquaintance with the names of far-off places in lands no longer remote. The first encyclopedia of the world's most important rivers and lakes gives substance to the mental images conjured up by names like the



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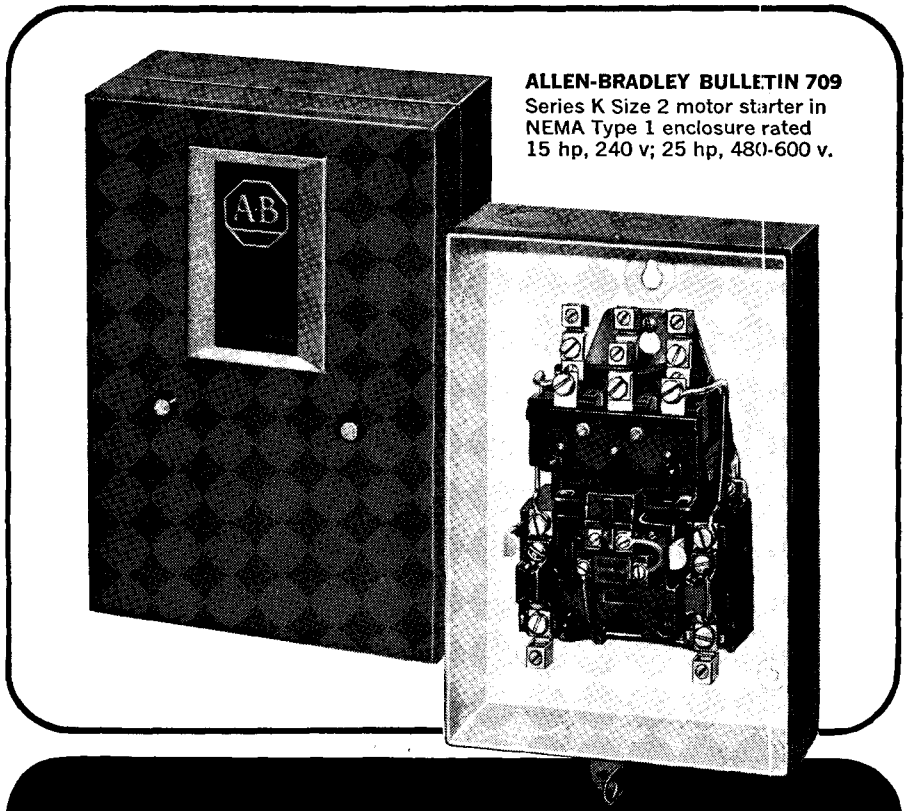

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Mekong, the Irrawaddy, the Brahmaputra, the Limpopo, or even the familiar Rhine and Danube. The excellent aerial photographs which dot the pages convey the character and special flavor of these inland waterways and the 16 full-color plates are breathtaking. The entries give details of geographical features, commercial and industrial uses, of bridges and dams, of discovery and scenic qualities. Maps of each continent (and, somewhat incongruously, one of Great Britain) show the location of the rivers and lakes and are keyed to the entries; they are somewhat unsatisfactory, since the rivers, lacking any color contrast, fail to stand out sufficiently, particularly on the maps of Europe and the United States, where an undue clutter of place names compounds the obscurity. A gazetteer of some 2,000 lesser rivers supplements the main entries, and all are included in the excellent comprehensive index of the book.

E. MERRITT

OXFORD REGIONAL ECONOMIC ATLAS OF AFRICA (Oxford, $15.00). This is more than an economic atlas—although as that it is excellently informative. It is also the only first-class, up-to-date atlas registering the kaleidoscopic political changes of African boundaries. For those of us who have difficulty remembering where and what Mali or Upper Volta or the Malagasy Republic are, it is invaluable. The maps have the elegance we have come to expect in Oxford's atlases.

F. S. MEYER

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (March 22)

J. Edgar Hoover

LAW ENFORCEMENT BULLETIN:

Willfully disobeying misdemeanor statutes today and committing felonies tomorrow is a logical regression from a government of law to an anarchic society. . . . It is folly to hold that a utopia of individual rights will rise from the destruction of respect for law.

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS

A. A West Indies island (former sp.)

B. A variety of crystallized quartz

C. A process of indirect printing (hyph.)

D. Inhabitants of a country in Europe

E. Threadbare

F. A fish (hyph.)

G. Section of Southeast Asia (two nations)

H. Indefinitely ancient

I. A friction match

J. Closing words of a business letter

K. A tropical American plant of the genus **Maranta**

L. A province of Canada

M. A type of tree

N. A type of vehicle

WORDS

17 43 141 146 62 154 105 14 75

22 54 15 150 1 129 106 168

60 117 102 188 130 133 159 207 16 2 194

68 8 143 184 76 123 71 115 173

95 148 87 42 56 135

100 96 103 72 18 90 39 114 29

152 78 19 124 167 120 3

155 79 97 55 162 64 30 121 126 70

180 57 9 91 80 136 20 140

203 81 49 40 65 176 169 98 181 163

4 50 82 160 89 26 165 175 201

12 189 38 31 73 99 198 83 157 149

45 151 139

48 134 131 107 33

DEFINITIONS

O. A city in Indiana

P. Resembling a fish

Q. Tales for children with more truth than poetry

R. Slang for father's father or for a nice father

S. A boor

T. A number to be added to another

U. A winner at bridge one-fourth of the time

V. What the big bad wolf did

W. A color

X. What the big bad wolf did

Y. Pertaining to one who affects extreme modesty

Z. Unscramble NEW SIDE

a. A small newspaper that is the largest in the United States

WORDS

77 193 178 195 108 32 5

93 197 10 111 21 41 208 205 58

110 137 161 177 6 187 59 209 84 170 210 66 7

69 61 179 51 44 92 186 116 122 196

164 104 109 23 34

172 67 94 153 127 142

174 35 112 24 125

192 145 74 101 25 156

11 86 144 118 202

185 166 132 190 182 158

63 36 199 204 13 183 27

85 200 206 147 46 52 28

88 37 171 113 53 138 128 47 211 191 119

See page 328 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black lines indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

■	■	■	1 B	2 C	■	3 G	4 K	5 O	6 Q	■	7 Q	8 D	9 I	10 P	■	11 W
■	12 L	13 Y	14 A	15 B	■	16 C	17 A	18 F	19 G	20 I	21 P	■	22 B	23 S	24 U	25 V
26 K	■	27 Y	28 Z	■	29 F	30 H	31 L	32 O	33 N	■	34 S	35 U	36 Y	■	37 a	38 L
39 F	40 J	41 P	42 E	43 A	44 R	45 M	■	46 Z	47 a	■	48 N	49 J	50 K	51 R	■	52 Z
53 a	54 B	55 H	56 E	57 I	58 P	59 Q	■	60 C	61 R	62 A	63 Y	64 H	65 J	66 Q	67 T	■
68 D	■	69 R	70 H	71 D	72 F	73 L	■	74 V	75 A	76 D	■	77 O	78 G	79 H	■	80 I
81 J	82 K	■	83 L	84 Q	85 Z	■	86 W	87 E	88 a	■	89 K	90 F	91 I	■	92 R	93 P
94 T	■	95 E	96 F	■	97 H	98 J	99 L	100F	■	101V	102C	103F	■	104S	105A	106B
■	107N	108O	109S	110Q	111P	112U	113a	■	114F	115D	116R	■	117C	118W	■	119a
120G	121H	122R	■	123D	■	124G	125U	126H	127T	128a	■	129B	130C	131N	■	132X
133C	134N	■	135E	136I	137Q	138a	■	139M	140I	141A	142T	143D	■	144W	145V	146A
■	147Z	148E	149L	150B	151M	152G	153T	154A	■	155H	■	156V	157L	158X	■	159C
160K	161Q	■	162H	163J	■	164S	165K	166X	167G	168B	169J	170Q	■	171a	172T	173D
■	174U	175K	176J	■	177Q	178O	179R	180I	181J	182X	183Y	184D	■	185X	186R	187Q
188C	■	189L	190X	■	191a	192V	193O	194C	■	195O	196R	■	197P	198L	199Y	200Z
201K	202W	203J	■	204Y	205P	206Z	■	207C	208P	209Q	■	210Q	211a	■	■	■

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POLICE

(Continued from p. 313)

phy and Francis W. H. Adams, had supported Broderick's slashing attack on the politicalization of the Police Department (at Fairleigh Dickinson University, March 8) he dismissed their opposition as "unconstructive, negative, unprogressive and reactionary."

What were the motives for the sweeping changes of top command that had, in six short days, left the NYC Police Department totally demoralized? Were they not purely political? Clayton Knowles of the *New York Times* in a column of news analysis March 4, reported:

> A high-ranking Democrat, active in the party organization, was asked how Mayor Lindsay had fared in his exchange with Mr. O'Connor. He replied: "The Mayor came out on top. These appointments and his defense will double his vote in the Negro and Puerto Rican communities and will increase his appeal to Jewish voters as well."

TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 296)

Soviet Union—merely for the sake of survival.

Cleveland, Ohio JAMES T. DENNISON II

Hart on Evelyn Waugh

It is good to praise good writing, and I applaud your reviewer's appreciation of Mr. Evelyn Waugh's novels [Feb. 22]. . . . But when we come to Mr. Jeffrey Hart's moral reflections, entitled "The Roots of Honor," let us take example by Mr. Waugh himself, and not go overboard, nor be seduced into thinking that because things are well put in a certain way, there is no other way of putting them. Mr. Hart tells us that Waugh's war trilogy is a "classic of our time," and apparently on its authority concludes that "for her pains, England barely survived, to go shabbily broke and socialist." There are other ways of putting this, but with the example of Mr. Waugh's style before me I dare not be more emphatic than to suggest that possibly your reviewer's admiration for these novels has carried him a little far. . . .

Oyster Bay, N.Y. MRS. HOFFMAN NICKERSON

Catholic Chaos

In re Editor Buckley's article "Chaos in the Catholic Church" [Feb. 22], how many converts are likely to be made by substitutions in Holy Writ of new words for those with which generations have been familiar in both King James and Douay versions? E.g. the laborers in the vineyard no longer receive a "denarius" but "wages." And a gentleman of quiet dignity, a little weak in apperception perhaps but an excellent judge of wine, whom I have revered as the Chief Steward at the marriage feast in Cana, has now become the "head waiter"! Can you see him snapping his fingers at those underlings fussing with the waterpots?

Montclair, N.J. T. J. SHEEHEY

Meyer on Allen

One must protest vehemently Frank Meyer's incredible dismissal of Steve Allen's *Letter to a Conservative* [Feb. 8]. On two counts, such a reaction is a minor disaster to the conservative cause.

Firstly, Mr. Allen's book was, as he admitted, a rare example of a Liberal taking conservatism seriously. What rudeness could be better calculated to discourage such dialogue in the future? Secondly, the book is an artless collection of the myths of Liberalism at the street level. It would provide a perfect opportunity for their dissection. Reading the book, a conservative can only wonder which target to choose.

Surely the current of the age is sufficient enemy; self-inflicted wounds we can do without.

J. W. DALY
Dept. of History
Hamilton, Ont. McMaster University

A Reply

Professor Daly seems to confuse political pamphleteering with critical book reviewing. He fully corroborates the point I made—that there is no way to have at the book on a serious level. Incidentally, I find no rudeness in my brief notice, and I esteem Mr. Allen personally.

Woodstock, N.Y. FRANK S. MEYER

Breakthrough

In my opinion, NATIONAL REVIEW degrades itself and the conservative movement by giving the address of such an obviously fanatic group as "Breakthrough."

The Breakthrough literature I have seen seems to state that all those who don't support victory in Vietnam are pro-Communists or Communists, seems to detest any dissent at all, and uses the "anti-God" etc. line instead of presenting factual, intellectual arguments.

La Junta, Cal. JERRY GREENBERG

Results

I am accustomed to having my recommendations acted upon, but seldom as speedily as in the case of my article on South America ("Something Lost Behind the Ranges," Feb. 22).

I wrote: "The only thing South America really lacks in the travel department is a first-rate book about it all: something like Fielding on Europe, or Fodor on the Far East." And behold, I discovered in a bookstore this week a spanking new volume by Fodor entitled *South America 1966*.

Selah!

New York, N.Y. GEORGE F. HOBART

Who Said It?

Wasn't it President Lyndon B. Johnson, not John F. Kennedy, who proclaimed that Thomas C. Mann would be "the one voice on all matters affecting this Hemisphere" (*NR*, Feb. 22, p. 143)?

Washington, D.C. JOSEPH F. THORNING

It was. Seems we aren't! —ED.

NATIONAL REVIEW Magazine and Bulletin

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For The Record

Republican insiders not surprised by refusal of NYC Deputy Mayor Robert Price to manage Nelson Rockefeller's gubernatorial campaign. Rockefeller should have expected turndown on two counts, they say: 1) Price, who masterminded John Lindsay's last few campaigns, has reputation to protect: he's never lost a race, and 2) Rocky and Lindsay are already deep in battle over who is to control GOP in New York. Senator Jacob Javits, now being touted as possible Republican Vice Presidential candidate in '68, probably will end up doing the honors . . . . Mayor Jerome P. Cavanagh of Detroit not certain exactly how valuable that endorsement he received from Jimmy Hoffa is going to be. Cavanagh has entered Democratic senatorial primary against G. Mennen (Where's Soapy?) Williams, who has the support of most other Detroit Big Laborites.

Now it's being told: From Lagos it's reported that the assassination of Pres. Sylvanus Olympio of Togo a year or so ago, dismissed as an unfortunate outcome of a student riot, was planned by Nkrumah and carried out by Jacob Fulani, a Ghanaian soldier of fortune . . . . Radio Ghana reports that thirteen Chinese guerrilla experts who had been training African insurgents in a military camp in the Ashanti forest of Ghana have been expelled . . . . Six months after a tentative armistice was signed between Republicans and Monarchists in Yemen (read it: between Egypt and Saudi Arabia) the Egyptian expeditionary corps in Yemen reportedly had only increased from 60,000 to 87,000 men . . . . Sidelights on Rhodesia: Belgium has joined Holland and Luxembourg in total ban on importation of Rhodesian goods . . . . Ian Smith, meanwhile, has lifted all gasoline rationing restrictions on tourists.

Joint Congressional Committee on Reorganization is expected to recommend that the House Committee on Labor and Education be split into two committees. (Adam Clayton Powell Jr. presumably could only be chairman of one of them.) . . . . Fascinating idea: Prince Norodom Sihanouk of Cambodia thinks it would help "reinforce the comprehension between American Liberals and the Cambodian people" if ACP Jr. were to visit Phnom Penh, so the rsvp's gone out . . . . Dirksen doing the work of the godly these days. Last week he introduced a constitutional amendment in Congress to permit voluntary prayers in public schools. He is also interested in finding out whether Internal Revenue investigation into tax-emption status of National Right to Work Committee was politically motivated.

Punch — Ben Roth Agency

"And to think at one time it was a toss-up between going to the London School of Economics or Sandhurst."

Brouhaha at Queens College (N.Y.): When Prof. Mary Dillon found she had too many students in her political science class she asked those who had supported Sen. Goldwater for President and William F. Buckley for Mayor to come forward. The twenty students who did were dismissed from the class. Explained Prof. Dillon: "[I was afraid I] might say some things during this class that might offend the Goldwater people."

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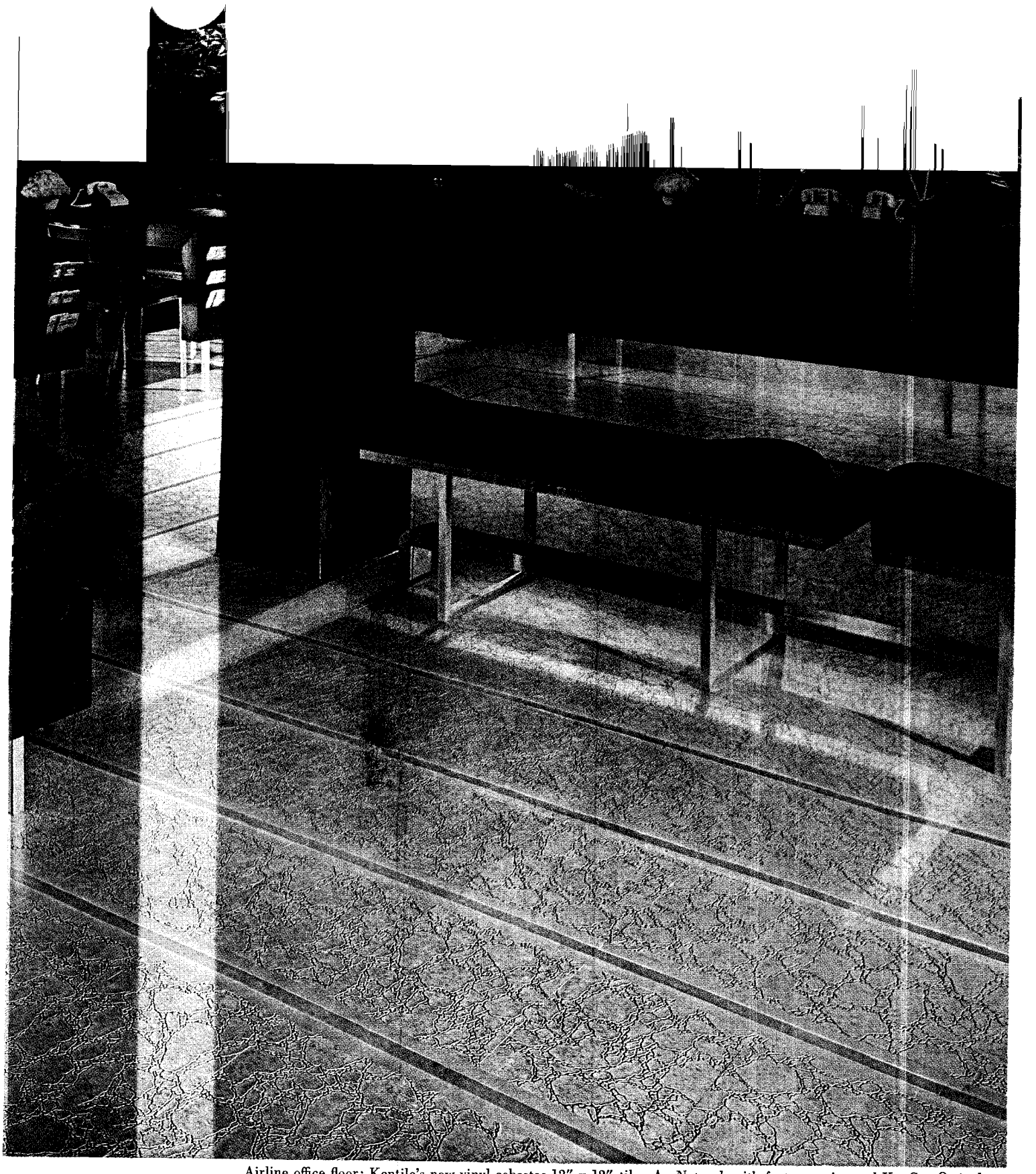

Airline office floor: Kentile's new vinyl asbestos 12" x 12" tile—Au Naturel, with feature strips and KenCove® vinyl wall base. Your Kentile® Dealer? See the Yellow Pages under "Floors"—or your architect, builder, or interior designer.

KENTILE
VINYL FLOORS

Extra tile thickness for extra wear—Au Naturel vinyl

Natural beauty, heavy duty—Au Naturel! Kentile's new, deeper-textured vinyl tile. Extra thickness. Extra comfort underfoot. Economical, too. Helps hide uneven underfloors. Easy to maintain.

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